

MAHER DEFEATS O'DONNELL.

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1895.

VOLUME LXVI.—No. 481.
Price 15 Cents.

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NOV 24 1895
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APPLAUDED THE VERDICT OF "GUILTY."

HOW MAUD LAMONT RECEIVED THE NEWS OF DURRANT'S GUILT IN A SAN FRANCISCO COURT.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.
THE FOX BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1896.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE NEW YORK N. Y. AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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A Guilty Love, No. 6.

A Pursuit of Pleasure, No. 18.

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THERE is one thing that will always be remembered of John Lawrence Sullivan: he did his physical culture work with his fists, not his mouth.

PERHAPS the pugilists of the future will have sense enough to appreciate the wisdom of talking less and fighting more.

THE question is: Can a good-looking, healthy young woman go away from her home with a young man, remain away four days, have a lovely time, and return as innocent as she was before her escapade? Nine persons out of ten would think that such a thing would be impossible, and the tenth would be unable to think anything about it.

IT may be interesting to James E. Murray, of Bridgeport, to know that his housekeeper is the mother of a baby who looks like him. Mr. Murray is at present wandering somewhere in the United States, dodging folks who look like detectives, while his housekeeper is rocking the baby and wondering if he will ever come back and make good.

THE story of the mysterious tragedy in Franklin, O., has caused a sensation in that town which will prove more than the usual nine days' wonder. Between the lines it isn't difficult to read that the intimacy which existed between the dead girl and her wounded lover had long passed the bounds of propriety, and the time was ripe for a serious outbreak.

LOLA HAWTHORNE, of the Hawthorne Sisters, played a star engagement a few days ago, but unfortunately it wasn't on the stage, where the public could appreciate her. It was up a tree, and her bloomers held her fast to a limb until a knight on a white horse rescued her. If she would reproduce this act on the stage there is no doubt but that she could get the finest kind of a salary.

IT has been reported that the governor of Arkansas has said, or some one has said for him, that his State has not been in such a topsy-turvy mess, brought about by this Corbett-Fitzsimmons business, since the civil war. How much of the responsibility for the topsy-turvy mess does the governor of Arkansas take upon himself? A word from the governor of Texas on this subject would also be of interest.

MASKS AND FACES.

Nellie Decoursay Got Even with
the Man who Insulted Her.

GUYED HIM FROM THE STAGE

One of Fanny Ward's Pretty Romances
Brought to Light by a Court Case.

SHE HAD BROWN; BROWN HAD MONEY

There are occasions when a theatrical young woman does that on the stage which is quite out of the ordinary. Sometimes the audience know of it and sometimes it does not. This little incident which created a big ripple of excitement at the time happened on the stage of the Gaiety Theatre, Albany, N. Y., when the "Twentieth Century Maids" were giving their usual excellent performance. One of the leading actresses of the company is Miss Nellie Decoursay, who is well known throughout the country as an artiste of exceptional ability. She had gone, on Saturday afternoon, to a matinee at the Leland Theatre and she was unfortunate enough to get a seat in close proximity to an Albany gentleman who is noted for his tendency to ogle and make remarks to any female who caught his fancy. Somehow or other he got it in his head that Miss Decoursay was smitten by whatever charms he

fascinating creature on the stage, but because of certain little affairs, the details of which are more or less known, has again been brought before the public, this time in rather an incidental way. John H. Deutsch, a private detective, was arraigned in the United States Circuit Court, New York city, recently, charged with having sent through the mails a threatening letter to Commodore Edward H. Brown, of the New York Yacht Club. The trial grew out of the relations of the Commodore's son, Clarence Eugene Brown, with Fannie Ward, the actress. Brown first met Miss Ward in December, 1891, when she was playing in the "Cinderella" company. They soon became very friendly, and after a time went to live at the Hotel Oriental, where they registered as "Clarence F. Brown and wife." Finally young Brown, becoming suspicious of Miss Ward's sentiments toward him, hired Deutsch to watch her. Then the two parted, and Brown, confessing his escapade to his father, was packed off to California.

Subsequently Miss Ward and her mother, Mrs. Buchanan, threatened to bring suit against the young man for \$100,000 for seduction and breach of promise. As Commodore Brown paid no attention to the threat Miss Ward offered to settle the matter for \$5,000. This offer was also declined by Mr. Brown. Shortly afterward threatening letters began to pour in on the Commodore, and one of these, signed "Yokel Yohoe," and bearing a red ink spot marked "blood," is the foundation of the case on trial before Judge Brown recently. The letter declared that unless Miss Ward's claim was paid before July 11, 1894, the Commodore would lose his life. Mr. Brown instituted an investigation which resulted in the arrest of Detective Deutsch. His indictment for sending threatening and obscene letters through the mail followed.

There was more or less sensational evidence brought out on the trial, including the very interesting stories of how, when young Brown first met Miss Ward, he was in the habit of lighting his \$1 cigars with \$5 bills. It was this lavish display of wealth, it seems, which first attracted Miss Fannie's attention to the young man, and caused her to look upon the suit of a man with money to burn with so much favor that it wasn't long before she had diamonds and he had a latch key, which apparently fair exchange was eminently satisfactory to both.

The other day Sadie McDonald, the clever soubrette, who is not unfamiliar to most New York theatregoers, met with a pretty severe bicycling accident in Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

She thought she could coast, but she found from very bitter experience that she couldn't do any coasting worth a cent.

While going at great speed, she put on her brake too suddenly, and then remembers describing a curve through the air and landing on her head.

As a result, she has a gash on her scalp, two black eyes, a bruised forehead, a piece cut out of her ear, a bruised side, and other little inconveniences that cause her to wear thick veils and paint her eyes.

She doesn't think so much of bicycling as



She Made the Fresh Youth Leave the Theatre.

believed he was in possession of. She endured his insults as long as possible—in fact, until he pulled her leg, exclaiming, and then she went to the box-office and made complaint, with no result. When she came out to do her singing turn at the Gaiety Theatre during the evening performance the first person her eye rested on, seated in the front row, was the man who had offended her in the afternoon. He was smoking and she singled him out in her song. "Won't You Marry Me," and began to guy him. He didn't like it very much and began to move about uneasily in his seat. Then he made some remark about her in an undertone.

This was her chance. Stopping with her ditty, she pointed at him and said: "You are not quite so fresh now as you were in the Leland Opera House this afternoon, are you?"

He again mumbled something and, he went on: "Yes, you openly insulted me in the Leland Opera House this afternoon, and you are what I call a very fresh young man, and you imagine that every woman who sees you falls in love with you at first sight."

Then she continued her song amid a burst of applause that showed her the audience sympathized fully with her.

The affair wound up in a wordy war between the masher and the singer's husband, but which amounted to nothing, except that the Albany gentleman went away very much crestfallen.

Fannie Ward, who has come to be rather a famous young woman, not only because she is a very

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

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Thomas McVeigh, New York, aged 26, and Ella Ballard, Louisville, Ky., aged 25. Without losing any more time the preacher said, "Stand up."

At this point there was a fatal hitch—Miss Ballard refused to become a bride. The man who wanted to be made happy begged and coaxed. At last she consented. Then the minister declined to marry a woman who didn't know her mind.

The Rev. Johnston Myers then went to bed. Shortly before 3 o'clock the same morning he heard the door bell ring again. He wasn't surprised at finding the same callers he had sent away two hours before. Ella Ballard had changed her mind. But Mr. Myers was more determined than ever not to do it, and told them so.

By this time, if they are still alive, they may have been married and divorced.

Miss Mary Malter, an English actress, who is possessed of an unusual share of good looks, as well as a very pleasing personality, will go down to fame as having caused the arrest for mashing, on the public streets, of a very well-known and too gallant Assistant District Attorney of New York city. With Ida Rose and Hannah Gallagher, two other actresses, Miss Malter was on her way home after midnight from a rehearsal at the Academy of Music, when the Assistant District Attorney overtook her and asked:

"Which way, darling?" Instead of taking his proffered arm she called a policeman and had the representative of law in New York arrested. He was in court the next morning, but so nicely are these things managed that the fair complainant could not be found, and the charge was dismissed.

Pretty Fanny Johnson announces that she is going to leave "Little Christopher," in which she has been playing the title role this season; but it isn't believed she will do anything of the kind, but if she did the entertainment would hardly be damaged thereby.

Miss Ethel Sydney, who is playing the title role in "The Shop Girl," at Palmer's Theatre, New York, has a gold medal of which she is very proud. It announces that she is the champion swimmer of the south coast of England, a distinction which she won two years ago at Portsmouth in a contest with eleven other swimmers. As yet Miss Sydney has not lost her medal, and she absolutely refuses to mislay it, even to please Manager Alf Hayman, who would like very much to star the trophy in the newspapers.

Jeanne May, French actress, and a friend, together with two maid servants, are living very quietly in New York city. Everybody knows that in Paris one is charged at one's hotel for candles burned, whether supplied by the hotel, the concierge or the landlady. Mlle. May and her friend, Mlle. Marcise, had finished their petit souper the other evening, and in the quiet of their rooms were awaiting the hour when Morpheus should call them. The landlady happened to be passing, and knocked, thinking to say a pleasant word or two before going to bed. The door was opened, she was ushered in, and to her amazement saw four women sitting about at two tables.

All were reading, and four candles furnished the only lights to be seen.

"Why don't you light the gas?" inquired the landlady.

"Ah, madame, we prefer the candles," said Mlle. May.

"Indeed!" said the visitor,

"you know the gas costs you nothing; burn all you want."

The four looked at each other in amazement, and thanked the landlady after following the good woman's advice and carefully putting out the candles and packing them in a trunk. Now it is said that the glare from the front windows of the actresses' rooms at night fairly dazzles passers-by.

It was in the theatre at Cadix, O., where the bill was "Killarney and the Rhine," that this happened.

The leading lady, Miss Lillian De Wolf, had flirted with

a local swain at the Arcade, where the company was stopping. Her fiancé, who is a member of the company, had slapped her rounded cheek for her faithlessness. That was the first. The ungallant fiancé brooded, and the result of the brooding was that when the company were rehearsing he slapped again, and with exceeding force. She wasn't fully dressed, and he ended his little side show by kicking her off the stage. There was a result to this, for the offending lover was taken before the mayor of the town and fined. So great was the excitement that folks began to talk of tar and feathers.

Frank Stanton, the Southern poet, recently attended a performance at the City Trocadero, Atlanta, Ga., and saw Papinta do her clever mirror dance. Then he wrote the following on the back of a programme, which he sent to her:

When she came in her glory,
Of song and of story,
I thought that the May met the Winter;
For her beautiful face
Lent the season its grace
When she flashed on my vision—"Papinta!"
Ah, she danced like the ladies,
That danced for the queen,
When Maytime knows never a winter,
It was not the lights with their dazzling sheen—
It was only Papinta! Papinta!

Incidentally, it might be remembered that this clever young woman, whose portrait occupied a page of the POLICE GAZETTE not long ago, is making a tremendous hit in the Southern city.

PANS OUT RICH!

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PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

The Racy Racket of Two Middleport, Pa., Men and a Girl.

ONE GIRL RAN AWAY HOME.

Story of Two Jealous Sisters of Elmwood, O., a Razor and a Man.

NOW ONE IS LESS BEAUTIFUL.

The folks of Middleport, Pa., are wondering what in the world will ever become of the two wicked young men who took two girls—abducted them, they say—and kept one of them over night at a hotel. The men thought it was a good joke until they were arrested. The men met the two girls, whom they know very well, and then they got a single buggy to take what was called "a short drive." The short drive took them to a hotel at Brockville, where they all began to drink. The youngest of the girls seems to have had sense enough to get out of the hotel and walk home. But the other remained and was pilled with wine until she lost her head. Incidentally she says she received a hypodermic injection in the arm. The next day when she went home with the boys it was discovered that her sister had told the story. Of course it may have been a youthful prank but it looks rather serious for the two young men.

A sensational sequel has developed in a complicated love affair at Elmwood, a village twelve miles north of Columbus, Ohio. Misses Mattie and Nellie Case, pretty and accomplished young women of Elmwood, have been rivals some time for the affections of a rural beau, who seems to have played havoc with their hearts.

The Misses Case are sisters. Miss Mattie is about 22, and Miss Nellie about 20 years old. They are daughters of Marcus Case, one of the most prominent and wealthy farmers in the section. Mr. Case is well known as one of the most active Republican politicians of the county, and has been a justice of the peace for many years. Employed on the broad acres of Squire Case for a year or more has been John Temple, who is the cause of the trouble between the sisters.

While working simply in the capacity of a farm hand, Temple has cut quite a figure in society about the village, and has been a favorite with the girls. He is a strong, handsome fellow, of that type fascinating to the country maiden. Mattie Case fell in love with Temple soon after he came to work for her father, and he escorted her to many of the social events in the community. Not long ago she discovered that her sister Nellie and Temple were becoming very friendly. She watched them closely and found that her sister, also, was in love with the handsome hired-man.

Many quarrels, spells of weeping, reconciliations and eavesdropping ensued. Temple recognized that he was in a delicate position, and sought to avoid trouble by treating them with equal kindness. In fact, he seems to have made love to both of them. The triangular courtship finally engendered so much bitterness that the sisters grew to literally hate each other.

On Wednesday they quarreled bitterly and a bloody encounter was the result. Mattie had armed herself with a razor, evidently having expected that the conflict of affection would end in the death of one or the other of them. She attacked Nellie with the razor in a most savage manner. Before she could be restrained she cut off her sister's nose, slashed one of her cheeks and inflicted another bad wound on one of her arms.

Nellie is still in a very serious condition, and will be disabled for life. But for prompt action on the part of a physician she probably would have bled to death.

The bloodthirsty sister has been sent to relatives in Kansas to guard against further hostilities, and Temple has been relieved from service on the farm in order that his presence shall not aggravate the situation any longer.

Nellie has been in charge of the public schools at Elmwood for some time, but now has found it necessary to give up her position.

The affair is creating intense excitement in the community. Every possible effort has been made to keep it quiet, but the facts leaked out. It is supposed that Mattie's motive in cutting off her sister's nose was to rob her of her beauty, and thus make her less attractive to the man both love.

A remarkably bold outrage was committed one night recently in Toledo, O., by a brute as yet unknown. The victim was Mabel Gross, a ten-year-old girl, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gross, live on the east side. Mabel, with her two younger sisters, slept in a room adjoining her parents. A window in the room opens into the yard but a few feet from the ground. The family retired early in the evening, leaving a lamp burning in the room where the adults slept. During the night the window was opened and the unknown miscreant entered the house. He extinguished the lamp and returned to the children's room. He caught Mabel by the throat and throttled her until she lost consciousness. She recovered enough to feel herself dragged from the bed, when the brute choked her again. How long the child was in the power of the fiend cannot be stated, but it was long after midnight when Mrs. Gross was awakened by a noise in the room. The ab-

sence of the light taught her that something was wrong. She sprang from her bed and the ravisher made good his escape. The child is in a frightful condition, but hopes of her recovery are entertained.

Mrs. Carrie Taylor, a pretty, petite brunette, is the pluckiest little woman in East Baltimore. She keeps a confectionary store. Her husband is a traveling salesman and she is frequently alone in her house at night. For several days she had observed a suspicious-looking man loitering about the place. One night as she was about closing her store two strange men entered and engaged her in conversation. When they left she started up stairs, taking a six-shooter with her to explore the rooms before retiring. As she entered her bedroom she saw a man disappearing under the bed. She fired at him. There was a yell of pain and the fellow darted out. He tried to grapple her, but she fired again, and as he dashed down the stairs she sent a third and fourth bullet after him. Then she rushed out on the street and screamed for the police. She recognized the thief as the man who had been hanging about the place. He escaped, but carried a couple of bullets in him, as shown by the trail of blood he left behind. He had packed up Mrs. Taylor's jewelry and other valuables and was about to leave when detected.

Chicago detectives are making a thorough but apparently unsuccessful search of the city in an effort to locate pretty Beatrice Garrity, of No. 2190 Orchard street. The girl was ruined under a promise of marriage by Lincoln Clark, and deserted when her true condition became known to her friends. Later developments in the local courts have revealed young Clark in his true light—that of a conscienceless betrayer of



They Gave Her Wine Until She Lost Her Head.

frail womanhood. Miss Garrity is scarcely eighteen years of age and has always been a favorite among her associates. Less than a year ago she met Clark, who made violent love to her. He promised to marry her, and under that promise accomplished her ruin. When matters became interesting he left her. She pleaded, but to no avail. As a last resort she had him arrested on a charge of illegitimate parentage.

Attorney George, who is prosecuting Clark, has evidence at hand that the defendant approached Frank Chasler, Harvey Dye, Henry Wolf, Charles Grace and Carl Wagner, all of the Twenty-third Ward, with a proposition to pay them to be witnesses at the trial. They were to swear that they had all been intimate with Miss Garrity. Their reply to the proposal was a most emphatic "No."

Clark then grew desperate and decided to use other methods to defeat justice. The girl was abducted. Her mother made an earnest effort to locate her, but it was useless. Enough evidence has been secured to convince Justice Hoglund that the girl is sequestered somewhere in the city in order to prevent her appearance in court.

The case is attracting great attention on the north side, the court-room being crowded.

PRaise FOR RICHARD K. FOX.

A recent issue of the *Out*, a bright little Chicago paper, contained a portrait of Mr. Richard K. Fox with the following:

"The above cut represents one of the nerviest newspaper men in the business to-day, who came to New York unknown. He took hold of the *POLICE GAZETTE* and with his own personal magnetism and pluck, lifted the paper out of obscurity and placed it among the leading papers of the world, where it stands to-day, authority on all sporting and sensational matters of the day."

The *Out* is published by Will A. Dudley.

GOOD? "YOU BET!"

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ONCE WAS ENOUGH FOR HER

Mattie Lavendar, of Marblehead, Wants No More Escapades.

A FLYING TRIP TO NEW YORK.

It Lasted Only Four Days, But It Set Town Folks' Tongues A-wagging.

SHE IS SEVENTEEN AND PRETTY.

The folks up in Marblehead, Mass., are talking about Miss Mattie Lavendar, a remarkably pretty young girl of seventeen years. It's queer that only the good looking girls get themselves talked about. They say she eloped with a man, and that, although she is back safe in the domestic nest again, she is as bold and bad as she can be. As a result of this Mrs. Lavendar, the fair Mattie's mother, had something to say, as follows:

"For some time Mattie has been keeping company with Albert C. Phillips of Swampscott. I did not think him a fit companion for her, so I called on him and told him not to call on her any more."

"Last Tuesday he came to the house in a carriage to take Mattie out to ride. He was too sharp to come into the house himself, but brought with him a friend named Stella Marr, who asked Mattie out to the carriage."

"The party drove off, and that was the last I saw of them till Mattie returned."

Of course it was the proper thing for Miss Mattie herself, as

low, and she doesn't attract the same attention. She is working along very quietly in the vaudeville houses doing a delightful turn, but not dressing at all as she used to dress years ago. Perhaps if she were to change her costume she might come into favor once more. Who knows?

AN INVASION OF CHINA.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There is a Chinese gentleman in Buffalo, N. Y., of the name of Hop Toy, who runs a laundry on Glenwood avenue. Hop is an artist in the shirt and collar line, and for that reason he has come to look upon himself as a very good thing. But he is not a student of nature. If he had been he would have known better than to trifle with the affections of a red-headed woman.

He tried to make love in his guileless Celestial way to a red-headed woman a few days ago, and the result was that she grabbed where his hair was longest and thrashed him around the laundry until he began to fray at the feet. Then she threw him under an ironing board and walked triumphantly out. Now Hop keeps his door locked, and persons who pass by his laundry notice a strong smell of arnica coming from the place.

PETER MAHER AND HIS FRIENDS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Hughes' Villa, near Hot Springs, was one of the principal places of interest to visitors during the recent athletic excitement in Arkansas. It was there that Peter Maher, the Irish champion, trained for his battle with Steve O'Donnell. Every day dozens of sporting men would drive out to Hughes' to see Peter at his work. The accompanying group was taken on the day before the fight was originally scheduled to take place. It comprises some of the leading citizens of Hot Springs, as well as a number of sporting celebrities from Pittsburgh, Pa.

PATRICK McDONNELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Everybody in the Northwest knows Pat McDonnell, once a prize fighter, now a wealthy and reputable citizen. He is only thirty-three years of age to-day, and there is no man who has ever followed pugilism who is more generally respected. At the time when Billy Madden, maker of champions, who is a great friend of McDonnell's, was touring the West with Sullivan, and later with Charley Mitchell, McDonnell was in the prime of youth, and considered a young fellow with whom any champion had to be careful. McDonnell's chief fights were with Patsy Cardiff and poor Pat Killen, who has since died. With the building of the Canadian Pacific Railroad McDonnell went Northwest and practically abandoned the prize ring. The money he had made enabled him to take a number of small contracts on the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. These he handled with marked success. As an overseer of large gangs of unruly men he was without a parallel, and was credited with getting more work done in a less space of time than any contractor on the line.

After the Canadian Pacific work he went to Duluth, Minn., and settled. There he took some very heavy rock work on the building of the Duluth and Iron Range Railroad, and came out of it with flying colors. Afterwards he went to West Duluth, where he has handled almost every important public work contract which was performed in that thriving young city.

His familiarity with human nature, his practical knowledge of all classes of work and his square dealing with his men enabled him to clear large sums of money when other less competent contractors would have been forced to the wall, and to-day he is a very wealthy man. Go through West Duluth and you will find scarcely a piece of choice realty that is not owned by him, and to quote his own words: "There's no mortgages on them, either."

One of his latest investments was the purchase of most valuable business lots on Superior street, immediately adjoining the Glass Block store. There he is now erecting a business block which will cost him nearly \$100,000. Mr. McDonnell has several other investment projects under way, and his wealth is constantly growing.

Notwithstanding the fact that Corbett is reported to be worth at least \$100,000, and that the wealth of Mitchell, the English fighter, figures up at about the same sum, neither of these two can class with Mr. McDonnell when it comes to a show down of riches, and no matter how angry the knowledge may make Gentleman Jim, the fact remains he is not the richest prizefighter in the world. McDonnell can, to use the vernacular, give him cards and spades.

WRESTLED FOR TURKEY.

Ring Will Buy Thanksgiving Dinners for Poor Children.

At Mount Vernon, N. Y., on Nov. 2, P. J. Ring and James Shaw, of England, wrestled for \$250 a side, the proceeds of the house and the championship.

Shaw was entirely outclassed. He is no match for Ring either at collar and elbow or Græco-Roman.

When the two men came together for the first round, Ring, quick as a flash, had Shaw on his back. It took less than a minute to do it and so quickly was this done that even Shaw was surprised at Ring's prowess.

The second round, Græco-Roman, Ring got a cross buttock lock on Shaw and brought him to the floor, time sixteen minutes. Shaw refused to wrestle the last round. He said he was no match for Ring at this style. The match was awarded to Ring.

Mr. Ring made the following little speech:

"Gentlemen, I have won a little money here to-night and I am going to use part of it to give fifty poor children in this city a turkey dinner on Thanksgiving day."

It is claimed that Griffo's winnings in the recent Manhattan exhibitions were some \$700, and that he did not get as much as \$25 of it, as his bondsman and backer absorbed the remainder.

SPARKLES WITH SPICE!

A SHE DEVIL. No. 12 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Exciting text and 77 pleasant illustrations. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

a person who was most interested in this story, to have something to say, and she said it in a very convincing manner, to wit:—

"We didn't elope. When we drove off in the carriage we went to Lynn. It was suggested on the way that we go to New York. I never for a moment thought we would get farther than Boston, but when we got into the city I found that Mr. Phillips had bought our tickets, so went. There were five in the party, Mr. Phillips, a young man from Boston named Pryor, a young lady—Alice Tait, I think her name is—myself and a Lynn woman who claims to be married to Phillips. I don't know whether she is or not. Sometimes he says she isn't, and at other times he doesn't deny it."

"Well, we went to New York that night by the Fall River line. I can't tell you all the places we went to, for I didn't know their names. We stayed a little while at the Astor House and then went to some other hotels. We had a splendid time and enjoyed every minute of the trip, and the only reason I'm sorry I went is that so much talk has been made about it. However, once is enough for me, and I don't think I shall try it again."

In view of the fact that she ought to know, this might be accepted as final. But the question is, would she be expected to say anything else under the circumstances? And another thing; that last remark sounds just a trifle suspicious.—"Once is enough for me, and I don't think I shall try it again."

Try what?

BILLIE BARLOW.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Every one knew Billie Barlow who sang in comic opera years ago, and every one who saw her remarked that she was a delightful young woman whose legs were a pair of poems. Then she suddenly flitted away and went to England. Now she has returned to New York city. She doesn't seem to be the same Billie Bar-



BILLIE BARLOW.

THIS IS THE WAY SHE LOOKED YEARS AGO WHEN SHE WAS A NEW YORK FAVORITE.



THESE THIEVES WERE UNGALLANT.
THEY RUDELY AROUSED LILLIE LAMPHIER FROM HER BED IN CHICAGO AND TOOK HER RINGS OFF.



DEATH IN A DETROIT EXPLOSION.
AN EXPLODING BOILER IN THE "JOURNAL" BUILDING ENTOMBS MORE THAN A SCORE OF PEOPLE.

BULLETS FOLLOW EMBRACES

Tragedy Follows a Franklin, O., Couple's Afternoon of Love.

SYLVAN WAS BEAUTIFUL.

Will Schaffer, the Lover in the Case, Says She Did All the Shooting.

MYSTERY TINGED WITH PASSION.

There has been a tragedy and a mystery in the quiet little town of Franklin, Ohio, and the truth of the story will probably never be known. A beautiful girl, Sylvan McCabe, is dead, and her lover, Will Schaffer, is badly wounded. The Schaffer farm-house is not very far from the city. There was no one except the young man at home on the day of the shooting, and the girl had an appointment with him. True to her word she came and they spent the morning in the house. What they did only they know. At noon they parted, he to go to a nearby farm-house for dinner, she to go home. Their love, for the time being, succumbed to hunger.

When Sylvan returned it was about 3 o'clock, and the two lovers sat in the room for a long while and talked. The conversation finally drifted to some rumors Sylvan claimed to have heard that he had been false to her. At this the lover laughed, and soon succeeded in disabusing her mind. Sylvan herself joined in the merriment and the little cloud was soon swept away. Then the girl, taking a pair of curling irons from her pocket, began to readjust her curls, which had become somewhat disheveled. Her task completed she turned with the heated iron toward the man, and, still in her playful mood, asked him whether he would allow her to curl his hair, to which he laughingly assented. Then it was, so Will says, that she espied a revolver he had borrowed a few days before from his uncle, J. H. Fox, for the purpose of shooting a dog. Before he was aware of it she had slipped it from his pocket and stood laughing before him.

"Kill me and then kill yourself," she remarked, although the smile that played upon her lips belied her words.

He made some slighting remark when she raised the weapon and pressed it to his right temple. Involuntarily his arm went up. Too late, however, the report came and then oblivion.

He tried to arise from the floor where he lay. He could not move, as a heavy burden lay across his chest which, by the light of the dying day, he could vaguely distinguish as that of a woman. He roused his ebbing strength and shook off the load that pinned him down. Clammy drops flowed down his cheek. Dimly he recalled the pistol shot. He struck a match and by its dim light he saw the body of the dead girl on the floor. He staggered down the stairs, went out of the house, and by a great effort managed to reach the house of his uncle, J. H. Fox, a quarter of a mile away, where he had just strength enough to rap on the door, and when it was opened he fell into the latter's outstretched arms. He could not tell the story, but, in half articulated whispers, made himself understood that something was wrong on the farm. The uncle hurried back and was himself confronted with the awful scene just described.

The girl was still breathing, and with tender care she was lifted on the bed and a physician sent for. He found the weapon with which the terrible deed had been done, and recognized it as his own. A cheap affair of 22-calibre, called the "Young America," with two chambers empty. While engaged in the examination of it his brother, the owner of the farm, and his wife returned, and their consternation at the awful spectacle can be better imagined than described. With the assistance of the two brothers, young Schaffer was brought back to the house, and then Dr. Johnson, of Springboro, a neighboring hamlet, was speedily summoned. Meanwhile the neighbors were also notified of the dreadful tragedy, and assembled at the house of woe.

Upon the doctor's arrival his practiced eye at once took in the extent of the misfortune. He declared that the girl could not live, and that only a miracle could save her lover. But still he went to work with energy to alleviate, if possible, their sufferings. All night, with the assistance of the neighbors, he labored, while they discussed the awful deed in whispers by the couch of the dying lovers.

Much of it was still shrouded in mystery, and while they saw the dire effect they marvelled at the causes which led to the tragedy. At about 4 o'clock in the morning, when some order had been restored in the general confusion, John Groby a half brother of the wounded woman, while searching in the room where the tragedy had been enacted, chanced to glance at a table which stood in an obscure corner, whereon a pair of folded trousers lay. A scrap of paper caught his eye, which was lying on them, on which some writing was scrawled. He took it down stairs and before the assembled relatives he read the paper, which contained the following message:

"Please bury us in one grave. We are tired of life. Forgive us both. WILL AND SYLVAN."

The farewell message was in the handwriting of Sylvan, as all declared who saw it. By them it was accepted as the solution of the mystery. "They believed the chain of evidence to be complete. The lovers, they said, had died to prevent their separation. Many mar-

veled still, for none knew of any reason why their love should not be crowned by marriage.

As the morning wore on the efforts to resuscitate poor Sylvan were redoubled, but in vain. The beautiful girl, whose raven tresses had been the envy of her companions, and whose manifold charms of person had been her glory and pride, stood with her eighteen years of perfect womanhood at the verge of the grave. The sleep of unconsciousness merged into the sleep of death, and at 11 o'clock her spirit took its flight to the great beyond.

With the death of the poor girl the one climax in the tragedy was reached, and the time was at hand when the scrutinizing eye of the law would be called upon to peer into the hidden recesses of this awful drama in real life. Squire Corwin, the acting Coroner of Franklin, was summoned, and with his usual alacrity at once went to work on the case. He summoned all the witnesses whose testimony could throw any light upon the unfortunate case, but thus far the mystery is far from being solved. No cause can be found for the terrible deed, in so far that parental opposition to their union was not threatened.

Will Schaffer is 22 years old, the son of Cyrus Schaffer, a well-known citizen and retired carpenter of Dayton. The dead girl was the daughter of Okas McCabe, a prosperous farmer in the neighborhood, and from both sides the young couple would have received assistance had they contemplated matrimony and made their desire known to their respective parents. Schaffer's story is also strongly discredited by the officer, as all the evidence tends to prove that the poor girl's disposition was rather of a sentimental character, which might have made her a victim rather than the aggressor in such a horrible affair. Strong proof to such a conclusion is the fact that the girl was right-handed, and her death-wound was in the left temple, the bullet plowing its way to the brain in an almost direct line.

WM. J. BENNERS, JR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

For the loan of \$90 to an old lady who had lost her pocketbook at the World's Fair, William J. Benners, Jr., known to the literary world as Eric Braddon, a young novelist of Philadelphia, was informed recently



After a Day of Love, Came the Tragedy.

that he had been made the sole heir of the old lady's estate amounting to \$100,000.

Several years ago Mr. Benners was taken ill, the result of overwork, and on the advice of his physician went to Florida for the winter.

At the Seminole Hotel, at Winter Park, he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Hannah Ross, an aged lady, whose home was at Martinsburg, W. Va.

The old lady took quite a liking to the young author, and much to her delight he made her one of the characters in a book which he was writing at leisure.

During a visit to the World's Fair, one day while sauntering along the famous Midway Plaisance, Mr. Benners again met his Florida acquaintance.

Mrs. Ross appeared to be in sore distress, and she informed Mr. Benners that she had lost her pocketbook containing her railroad ticket and all her money.

Mr. Benners, equal to the emergency, handed the old lady his pocketbook containing \$90.

On his return to his residence in Philadelphia Mr. Benners found a check for the amount he loaned.

The affair had been forgotten by Mr. Benners until about ten days ago, when he received a letter from Mrs. Ross' attorneys informing him of her death, and also stating that he was named sole heir of her fortune, amounting to \$100,000.

ROBERT PROTIN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Bicycling experts on the other side are of the opinion that Robert Protin, of Brussels, Belgium, would make a better showing against the American cracks than any other European. On June 2 of the present year he defeated at Brussels that crack rider Houben in two heats of 2,000 and 5,000 meters in the time of 3:31½ and 7:25 1-5.

RICH AND RARE!

Woman and Her Lover. Translated from the French of Hector Malot. No. 9 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, with 67 beautiful illustrations. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents, securely wrapped. Ad dress RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

LEFT MARY AND THE BABY

Murray, of Bridgeport, Doesn't Take Stock in Children.

MARY WAS HIS HOUSEKEEPER

But That Didn't Seem to Interfere with the Advent of a Love Child.

DECEIVED HER WITH PROMISES.

Pretty Mary McCarthy, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Michael McCarthy, of Bridgeport, is the mother of a beautiful bouncing baby boy, who made his entrance into this world of sin and trouble about two weeks ago. One thing which is bothering Mary is the fact that the little boy arrived before a lawful papa had been secured for him. This was not entirely Mary's fault, as the man whom she says is responsible for her fall from grace, and who ought to be a cheerful, happy papa, has fled to parts unknown.

A little over a year ago Mary secured a position as maid of all work in the household of James E. Murray, at Black Rock. Murray is a widower with two small children, and shortly after Mary took up her abode with him he commenced to make love to her. Murray told Mary many stories in regard to his financial standing and made a good impression on the unsuspecting girl.

Among other things he whispered in her ear to help along his evil designs was a statement that he owned the house in which he resided and had several hundred dollars in the bank. He also promised to make everything all right in case she got into trouble and Mary finally yielded to his pleadings. For awhile the couple

wheeled out to "Cabin John's" roadhouse for dinner, and were leisurely returning when Lola, the tall and statuesque member of the trio, spied a persimmon tree.

There was no pole long enough to bring down the pockery, peppery fruit, but Lola, who is an adventurous Texan tom-boy, "shinned" up the tree and, clambering out upon the bending branches, plucked and did eat and rained persimmons upon her less daring sisters. But, alas! when she sought to descend she found that her bloomers had caught and resisted all her frantic efforts to extricate herself.

And, of course, just at this critical moment who should arrive, like the prince in the fairy tale, but a handsome attache of the Brazilian Legation, who dashed up on his milk-white steed and rescued the blushing maiden in distress. Many an actress is hung up for her salary, but not often by the baggy part of her bloomers.

INTERRUPTED THEIR LOVE MAKING.

The man who sent this story to the POLICE GAZETTE calls it an amusing incident. He may be right, but it couldn't have been very amusing for the gentleman whose horse created all the disturbance. The owner of the horse who is a prominent official of Presidio county Texas, returned to the San Carlos mines, near Chispa Tex., a short time ago from a scout up the Rio Grande river. The night he arrived he concluded he would call on a good looking Mexican girl who lives in a dugout built on the side of a hill. He tied his horse at the back of the house at a point where the hill joins the roof. In some way the horse broke loose and went for a walk on the top of the house. The animal broke through the frail timbers, and plunged to the floor. The Mexican girl screamed and ran outside while the official spent an hour in getting his beast out of the wreck.

THESE THIEVES WERE UNGALLANT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Three masked men entered the house of Peter Lamphier, 153 South Halsted street, Chicago, a few nights ago, and robbed the family.

Mr. Lamphier heard the men breaking in and went into a back room to investigate, when he was met by three men, whose faces were masked and who carried revolvers. They demanded Mr. Lamphier's money and he handed over all he had—about \$40.

One man now stood guard over Mr. Lamphier while the other two raided the house. They entered the bedroom of Miss Lillie Lamphier and threatened to shoot her if she made any noise. They relieved her, she says, of a pair of diamond earrings and took two rings from her fingers. The men were quick about their work and when they left they threatened to shoot any one who followed them.

J. J. MULLEN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

J. J. Mullen was born at Wexford twenty-six years ago. He stands 5 feet 8½ inches high, and weighs, in costume, 9 stone 9 pounds. He has a record to be proud of, having only been beaten from scratch by F. Bacon when at his best, and on the International team against Scotland by Welsh, of Scotland. He beat O'Neill, of Limerick, one and two miles, and H. Harrison, of the Salford Harriers, five miles. He has won the St. Patrick's cup three years in succession; St. Michael's cup, one mile championship cup, and Sir Henry Cochran cup. He has also the following to his credit:

One-half mile championship of Ireland, 1893, 1894, 1895.

One mile championship of Ireland, 1893, 1894, 1895.

Four mile championship of Ireland, 1893, 1894, 1895 (sick).

Six mile senior cross-country championship, 1894, 1895.

Holds I. A. A. A. record for mile, 4 minutes 25 4-5 seconds.

Holds Gaelic record for mile, 4 minutes, 23 2-5 seconds.

He has competed at thirty-one meetings this season and got twenty-seven firsts and one second—all from scratch. He runs a mile at Hotel and Club Assistants' Sports, Jones' Rd., this season, in 4 minutes and 23 seconds, and two miles in 9 minutes 26 seconds; also ran a four mile handicap, 600 yards limit, and won from scratch in 20 minutes 44 seconds. He beat A. Hanna, champion of Scotland, in a five mile match, at Wexford, by one-quarter of a mile.

DEATH IN A DETROIT DISASTER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A dry boiler tells the story of a terrible disaster in Detroit, whereby more than a score of lives were sacrificed. The boiler was in the Journal building, and when it exploded the place was filled with people. Death came to some of them so quickly that there was no time for realization. Over a hundred men were put to work at once on the ruins, and amid the greatest excitement the bodies were brought out to the half crazed relatives and friends. A great many of the bodies are impossible of identification.

APPLAUDED THE VERDICT OF "GUILTY"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was a remarkable scene in the San Francisco court room when the jury in the Durrant case brought in the verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. The prisoner, Theodore Durrant, sat by the side of his almost swooning mother, while not twenty feet away sat Mrs. Noble, aunt of Blanche Lamont, the murdered girl, and Maud Lamont, the sister. Both were in deep mourning and when the verdict was announced the girl arose from her seat and clapped her hands wildly. It was a strange scene; overwhelming sorrow on one side and excessive joy on the other. It marked besides the conclusion of one of the most remarkable criminal cases San Francisco has ever known.

A GUILTY LOVE.

The amours of a Southerner. from the French, by Adolphe Bellet. No. 6 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Second Edition now ready. Price by mail, 50 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.

PERSIMMON TREE FRUIT

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

About a week ago while finishing up their engagement with Hallen's "Twentieth-Century Girl," in Washington, D. C., the three Hawthorne sisters

EXTRA!

PETER MAHER'S VICTORY.

Knocked Steve O'Donnell Out
in One Minute.

CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.

Corbett Shakes His Hand and Proclaims
Him Champion.

LEON WON IN SIX HARD ROUNDS.

Peter Maher looms up as the next claimant to championship fame. At the Empire Athletic Club's arena at Maspeth, Long Island, last Monday night he knocked out Steve O'Donnell in exactly one minute and three seconds. The duration of the fight was too short to qualify the claims that his adherents have been making about his marvellously improved quality as a boxer but if he failed in this respect he certainly demonstrated his ability to punch hard enough to bother anybody upon whom his blows chance to fall.

O'Donnell was a decided failure. Whether from nervousness or unqualified regard for his opponent's prowess has not been determined, but the fact remains that he acted more like a novice, than the splendid exponent of clever pugilism whom James J. Corbett had endorsed. If his object was to make a waiting battle he certainly fulfilled his intentions to the letter, but he waited too long. Had he went at Maher from the beginning he might have prolonged the fight and made some sort of a showing, but Maher's plan of action was to make it a sharp quick fight and he went at his man like a cyclone. The first crack out of the box was a punch on the jaw that put the Australian in queer street and he never fully recovered until after Maher was proclaimed the victor. Only three blows were struck during the entire fight and each time O'Donnell went down.

The defeat of O'Donnell places Maher in direct line for the championship. John Quinn's backer told the POLICE GAZETTE representative that Peter is open to fight any man in the world, Corbett preferred.

The latter practically declined to measure skill with the Irishman by proclaiming that he had retired from the ring and had renounced all claim to the title in Maher's favor.

Among the celebrities at the ring side were:

Jim Kall, Jack McAuliffe, Fred Taral, Harry Weldon, of Cincinnati; Jerry Marshall, Parson Davies, Marcus Mayer, Charles Genslinger, Tom O'Rourke, Martin Dowling, Martin Cowan, Senator Tim Sullivan, Yerney Boston, John Kelly, Billy Edwards, Jim Lavelle, Benny Williams, Alderman Farrell, Mike Fadden, Chuck Connors, Al Smith, Jack Adler, Buck Ewing, John J. Quinn, Eugene Cumiskey, Sam Crane, Joe Dempsey, of Syracuse; Jerry Dunn, Perry Nagle, Jim Corbett, Phil Dwyer, Ted Alexander, Charley Davis, Billy Fleischman, Jimmy Carroll, Mattie Corbett, Billy Lakeland, Alf Lakeland, Jack Welsh, Billy McNamara, Tommy West, Mike Minden, Al Powell, Jack Hollinshead, Dan Murphy, Jim Westcott and Ben Benton, of Boston; Jake Wunderlich, Jack Fogarty, Warren Lewis, Joe Walcott, Bob Armstrong, Paddy Gorman, Arthur Walker, Jerry Barnett, Frank McCarthy, Fred Escher, Andy Horn, John Connolly, of Pittsburgh; Frank Stevenson, Capt. James Moorhead, Manager POLICE GAZETTE, Peter Carey, Nick Engle, Ike Thompson, Arthur O'Shea, Ed Kearney, Eddie Deppler, Jim Tighe, Teddy Foley, Joe Vendig, Jack Norton, Aleck Jordan, Joe Choyinski, Young Griffo, Hugh Behan, Phil Lynch, Joe Walcott, Billy Henry, Billy Madden, Charley Norton, Liney Tracey, Al Hartman, Ed Williams (Little Minch), Johnny Clark, of Philadelphia, Lawyer Thomas Dineen, Macon McCormick, Charles Sigel, Arthur Moore.

Steve O'Donnell, enveloped in a big flannel blanket, pushed his way through the crowd, while Corbett was talking. He was accompanied by Billy Delaney, Jim McCabe and Benny Murphy. He had hardly seated himself when Maher's dressing-room door was pushed open and the Irish champion emerged. He wore a heavy blue sweater and his trousers. He was attended by Buck Connolly of Pittsburgh, Peter Lowery of Dublin, and Pete Burns.

The appearance of the two rivals in the ring aroused their admirers to action, and the rafters of the building vibrated with the echoing cheers. O'Donnell leaned over and chatted pleasantly with his friends in the corner, while Delaney and McCabe arranged his gloves. Maher seemed to be nervous and several times glanced over at the opposite corner as if anxious to size up his opponent's quality. Tying on the gloves finished the preliminary preparation of the two men, and Referee Hurst ordered them to the centre of the stage to shake hands. The men advanced with outstretched hands and smiled as they met. O'Donnell was the taller of the two, but there was little if any difference in weight, the Irishman making up in average development what he lacked in height. The latter wore a pair of black trunks, a green sash encircling his waist. O'Donnell was attired in green breech tights.

The spectators had hardly settled themselves in easy positions, anticipating that the contest would last through the prescribed number of rounds, than the gong rang out, and with the agility of a panther Maher jumped to the centre of the 18-foot ring and awaited the coming of his adversary. O'Donnell, not to be outdone by the Irishman, sprang nimbly toward him, and the two men shaped into position. The Australian immediately put himself upon the defensive. Peter feinted and side-stepped two or three times in an endeavor to get the former to lead or offer an opening, and O'Donnell very warily waited for Peter to break ground.

The opening of hostilities was not long delayed.

Maher's first feint with his left at O'Donnell's stomach gave him the opening he desired. The Australian dropped his hands to guard the blow, when, quick as thought, Peter's right arm shot out like a piston, and his gloved fist landed full on his opponent's chin, knocking him clean off his feet. The latter fell in a sitting posture, with a dazed look on his face. A chorus of "Oh's" went up from the spectators as the big Australian turned over and rested on one knee, while Tim Hurst counted off the seconds. As he said "Time," O'Donnell arose to his feet and placed himself in fighting attitude.

This time Peter wasted no time in needless preliminary sparring; he walked over to O'Donnell, and a straight left-hand punch found its way to "the mark," and O'Donnell fell once more. This time he labored to get on his feet, and it was easy to see that defeat was inevitable.

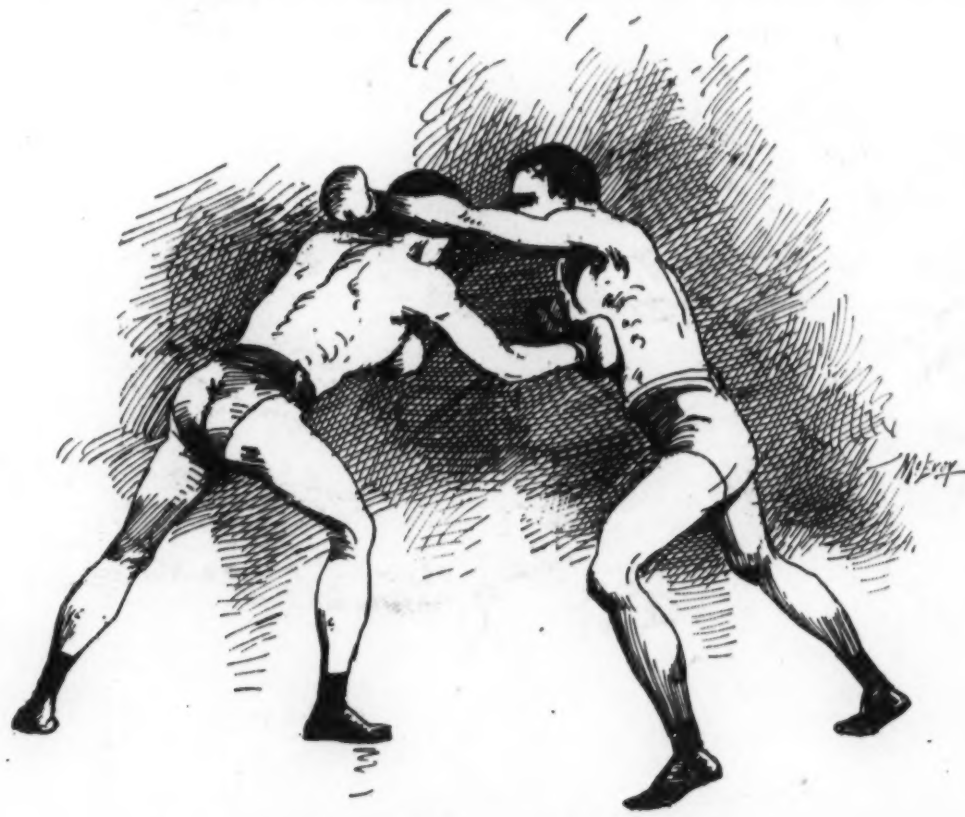
Corbett, from his box, smiled discouragingly at the poor showing made by his sparring partner.

While O'Donnell was on the floor, Maher, with a smile on his face, danced about the ring with a "trend on the tail of me coat" air that convulsed the spectators with laughter.

When O'Donnell arose weak and dazed and apparently insensible to his surroundings, Maher went over to him and steadying himself for a right-hand hook, brought it around with a graceful sweep and the blow fell with crushing force upon the gallant Australian's jaw. Down he went again, measuring full length as he fell upon his back. He lifted his head twice in an insensible effort to get upon his feet, but each time he fell back exhausted. Pete cavorted around the ring like a young stallion coaxing up to do service. When Hurst finally said the mystical word "ten" while O'Donnell was lying prone upon the floor, Peter jumped ten feet into the air, while admiring friends bounded into the ring and hands were outstretched to congratulate him.

Billy Delaney and Jim McCabe lifted O'Donnell, now completely insensible to his feet and carried him to his corner, where three minutes were consumed in restoring him to consciousness.

Jim Corbett was among the first to jump into the ring to grasp Maher's hand. Some of those who comprised the group say that Maher was indifferent to Corbett's actions, and said, "Yes, and I can lick you just as quick," in response to the champion's remark about his having beaten O'Donnell quick. Subsequent proceed-



A Stiff Punch at O'Donnell's Heart Made Him Wince.

ings hardly endorse the truth of this assertion, for Corbett and Maher walked from the train to the boat arm and arm, and were laughing and chatting together in the most amiable manner.

Corbett told the POLICE GAZETTE representative that he would forfeit his title to the championship, as he had retired from active participation in ring affairs, and would fight no more.

John J. Quinn said, impressively, that if Corbett would fight he would back Maher for any part of \$10,000 to fight in private, regardless of a purse. If Corbett declined the offer, he added that it was open to any man in the world.

Brady, on behalf of Corbett, declined to say what he would do, but it is opined that an ultimatum will find its way into the news columns of the dailies before many days.

O'Donnell was in no wise injured in the bout. After regaining consciousness he walked to his dressing-room, lighted a big pipe and with characteristic good-nature said: "Well, better luck next time," and then proceeded to don his attire.

The excitement began with a six-round bout between Casper Leon, of New York, and Billy Smith, of Philadelphia. The bout was a rather impromptu affair and catch weights were allowed. They scaled about 115 pounds. Tim Hurst officiated as referee. Smith was clearly outclassed, but gamely persevered in his endeavors to prevent Leon from putting him out. For the first few rounds he was the aggressor and quite won the sympathy of the spectators by exchanging blow for blow with the sturdy little lad who twice fought Jimmy Barry for the bantam championship. The last half of the battle was entirely in Leon's favor. In the fourth round he landed a straight left-hand punch on Smith's nose, which brought the blood and completely unnerved the Philadelphian, for he began to fight wildly and left himself at the mercy of his opponent. Leon punched him at will and won easily, although the sympathizers of Smith manifested their disappointment that the verdict was not a draw.

THREE OF A KIND.

Extremely handsome Colored Prize Ring Pictures—Corbett and Fitzsimmons; Corbett and Mitchell; Corbett and Jackson; size, 16x22 inches each. Suitable for framing. All three mailed to your address for 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

THIS WIDOW WAS DECEIVED

Thought McGuire Her Missing
Husband and Lived with Him

ROMANCE OF SEDGWICK, WIS.

When the Truth Became Known She
Declined his Offer of Marriage.

BUT A SON HAD BEEN BORN TO THEM

A story comes from the town of Sedgwick, Wis., which reads like a fairy tale, and in which a man induced a woman to believe that he is her long-lost husband. He lived with her until a child was born, and then his deception was discovered.

In the winter of 1892 Willis Gorman, who had just married Annie McLaughlin, disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him. As he owned a good farm and some business property, and his domestic relations were of the most pleasant character, no reason could be assigned for his leaving. Extensive search and inquiry developed no trace of his whereabouts. Mrs. Gorman finally reconciled herself to widowhood and set about looking after her property, worth in the neighborhood of \$10,000.

In March, 1894, a man appeared in Sedgwick and announced himself as the missing Willis Gorman. He closely resembled the missing man and had knowledge of circumstances that only Gorman and his wife knew. Nevertheless, Mrs. Gorman had her doubts. There

Mich., who claimed to be the injured man's cousin. Here Gorman died, and soon afterwards McGuire disappeared, no one knew where. The two men had resembled each other to a remarkable degree, Mr. McLaughlin was told by the people who had seen them together.

Returning to Sedgwick a few days ago, Mr. McLaughlin charged the supposed Willis Gorman with being an imposter and with being in reality John McGuire. The man hotly denied the charges, but when confronted with indisputable proofs that he was lying, he broke down and confessed all. He said Willis Gorman was his cousin, and when Gorman was injured in the mine he was taken in charge by McGuire and nursed. In his happiness at finding a kinsman, Gorman told McGuire all about his home life, his wife, his property and his friends, for as he lay there dying, everything came back to him and his mind was once more clear.

McGuire was tempted by the property owned by Gorman to pass himself off as the dead man. The two men resembled each other, and armed as he was with the history of his cousin, and knowing all the details of his life at Sedgwick, McGuire found it an easy matter to appear at the home of his cousin in his assumed character. He was surprised, he said, to succeed as well as he had, and would not have gone so far had not Mrs. Gorman finally admitted that he was her husband. Then it was too late to back out, and he had been literally in Willis Gorman's shoes ever since.

McGuire was completely prostrated when he finished his confession, and with tears streaming down his face offered to marry Mrs. Gorman. He said he loved her, and would do all in his power to right the wrong he had wrought. The child lying in Mrs. Gorman's arms was his, he added, and this was an additional reason why he should marry her.

Mr. McLaughlin, angry though he was, recognized McGuire's proposition as the most sensible that could be suggested, wanted his sister to accept the offer, but Mrs. Gorman would not listen to it. She insisted that McGuire must leave at once. So, after making a written confession of the deception he had practiced relating to the death of Willis Gorman and relinquishing all rights to the child, he was allowed to depart.

As soon as the Gorman property, consisting of a farm and two store buildings, can be sold Mr. McLaughlin will take his sister and his mother to his home in Nebraska, there to try to forget the dark cloud which has fallen upon their lives.

SAM T. JACK'S BOOK.

There is no danger that the many and varied dramatic successes of Sam T. Jack will be forgotten, for there has just been published in Chicago a very neat volume, entitled "How He Does It; Sam T. Jack, King of Burlesque." It is profusely illustrated and is worth reading from cover to cover.

FRANK RILEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Frank Riley's claim to fame is that he is the champion buck dancer of the world. He has amused many an audience with his cleverness. As a character artist he is at the top; his old-man impersonations and darkey imitations being considered wonderful bits of work.

AUSTIN, TEX., REGATTA WAS A SUCCESS.

Jake Gaudaur won the Richard K. Fox Trophy
Emblematic of the Championship.

American aquatic affairs received a beneficial boom last week through the success of the international rowing carnival held at Austin, Texas. The appearance in competition of the best oarsmen of England and America was a decided factor in the affair, but a further element of importance was added through the success of the visitors in lowering an hitherto unassailable record.

The sport began on November 3, when the preliminary heats in the various events were rowed. On the following day the second trials were decided. The accumulative interest in the affair was shown on the third day when the finals were witnessed by several thousand people.

The first event was the single scull three-mile, one turn, between J. Gaudaur and R. Rogers, Americans, and Bubar and Haines, English, for the championship, the Richard K. Fox challenge cup and \$1,000. The course lay like a great mirror, with scarcely a ripple on it. A good start was made, Gaudaur taking water a fraction first and Rogers pushing along close behind him, but a little in the rear. Bubar and Haines evidently were intentionally not in it, and were dallying along to save themselves for the great four-oared race to follow. About the first quarter post Haines dropped out, and at the three-quarter Bubar beat a retreat, leaving the field clear to Rogers and Gaudaur. The latter won by about three boat lengths in 21 minutes. Gaudaur's time over the same course last year was 20 minutes, 49 seconds.

The second race was the greatest four-oared contest probably ever witnessed in America. It was a close and beautiful contest, showing the result of careful scientific training and breaking the world's record. The oarsmen were: English—Bubar, Barry, Haines and Wingate. Americans—Teemer, Rogers, C. Gaudaur and J. Gaudaur. Both crews had loyal backers, and the English boys, in addition to the purse, pulled in several thousand dollars.

The race was three miles with a turn. The start was a perfect one, both crews taking water at the same moment, but the Englishmen gained slightly after a dozen or more strokes, and at the quarter stake led by a boat's length. From there on to the three-quarter stake the Englishmen, with long, easy 36-strokes, widened the distance. The Americans strained every muscle and came spinning after their English friends, but the latter made the turn for the home-ward stretch at least three boat lengths ahead.

They gained at every stroke, and when the quarter-mile buoy was reached the Americans practically went to pieces, and the Englishmen crossed the line two boat lengths ahead. It could have been a dozen had the Englishmen chosen. Time, 17 minutes 20 1/2 seconds, breaking the world's record. The race was for the world's championship and a purse of \$1,500.

The final heat—three miles, with a turn, double scull, for the world's championship and a purse of \$1,000, between the Englishmen Bubar and Barry, and the Americans Teemer and Rogers—was won by two lengths by the Englishmen; in 17 minutes 40 seconds. This is a world's record.

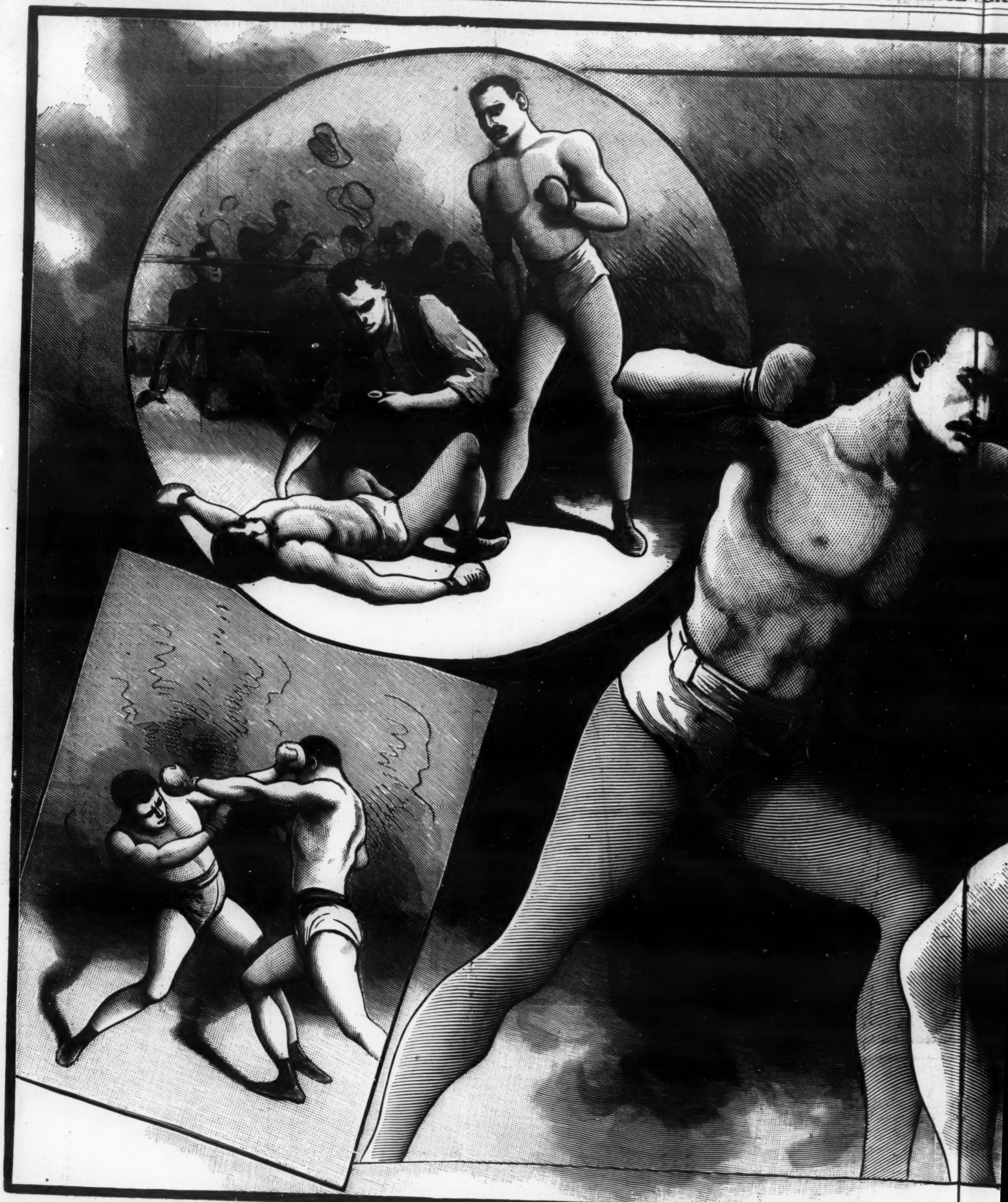
At a meeting of the regatta committee on the closing day of the carnival a resolution of thanks was voted to Mr. Richard K. Fox for the liberal aid which he rendered in making the affair a success. The leading citizens of Austin, Tex., expressed themselves in accord with the sentiment.

James Lawson, colored, formerly of Australia, but now of Boston, issues a challenge to any 133-pound boxer in New England for a 5 or 10 round contest. He will take on the first man that comes, and accept any purse offered. Lawson has beaten many good men, both in this country and in Australia; he was only defeated once, and then by Shadow Maher.

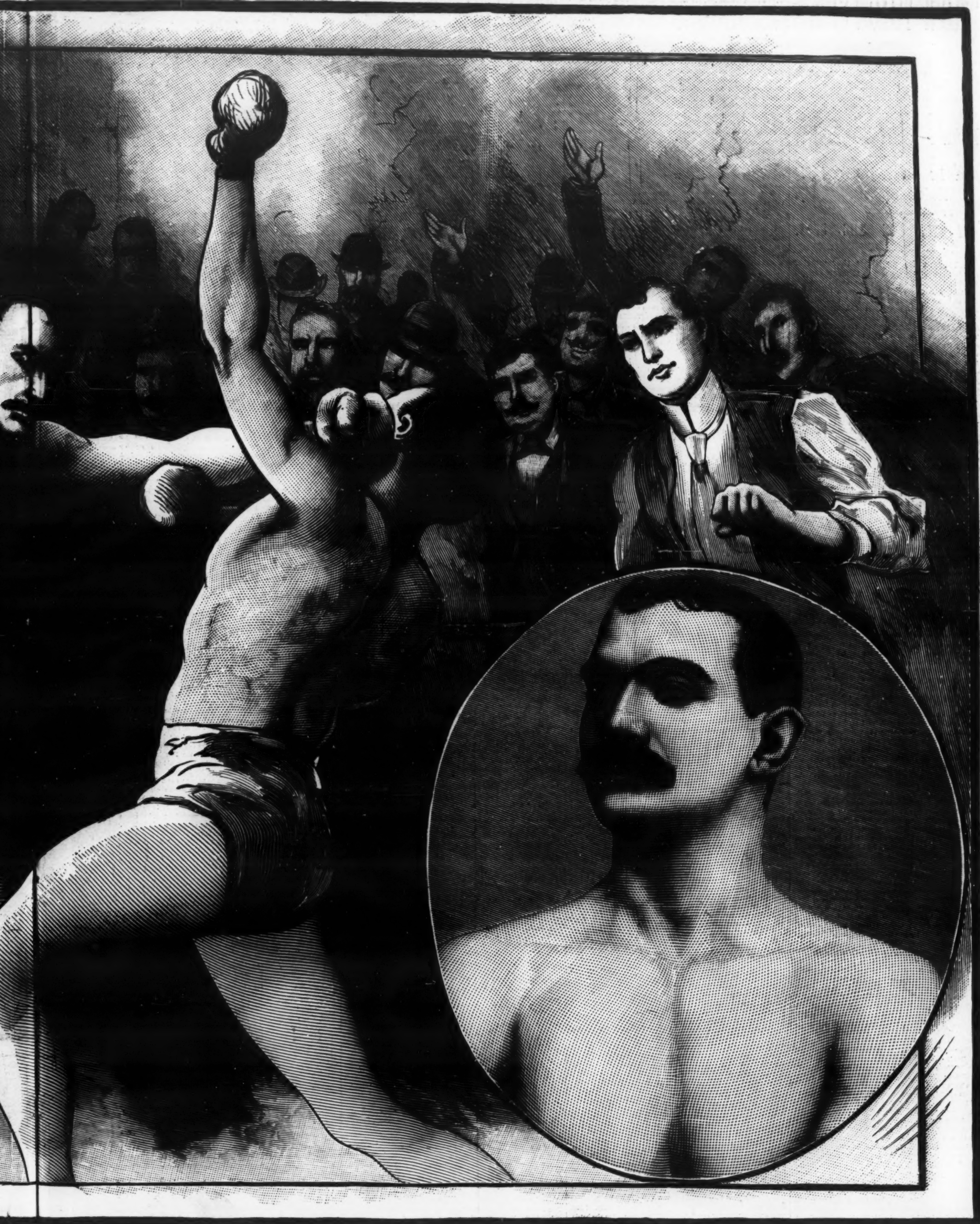
Johnny Murphy, the little Boston pugilist, who fought Billy Plimmer to a draw at New Orleans, has authorized the POLICE GAZETTE to arrange a match for him with Jimmy Anthony, the Australian champion bantam, or Sammy Kelly, for a limited number of rounds or to a finish for a purse and a side stake.

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PETER MAHER VANQUISHED
THE IRISH CHAMPION KNOCKED OUT HIS AUSTRALIAN RIVAL IN ONE MINUTE
DECLARES HIS WILLINGNESS TO FORFEIT HIS CLAIM



ISHES STEVE O'DONNELL.

ONE MINUTE--ONLY THREE BLOWS STRUCK DURING THE BOUT--CORBETT
S CLAIM TO THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

SHOWED A YELLOW STRAIN

Fitz was Responsible for the
Fistic Fizzle.

HE DIDN'T WANT TO FIGHT.

A Lesson for the Projectors of Big
Fistic Enterprises.

CORBETT WAS ON THE SPOT.

The mercury in the pugilistic thermometer has fallen to the zero mark. Public interest in the game dropped with a "dull, sickening thud" when the announcement came from Hot Springs, Ark., that the proposed fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons had been declared off; that the Florida Athletic Club had gone out of business; that the projectors of the big fistic had settled up their affairs and departed for more congenial climes, and that every scheme for pulling off the fight had been abandoned.

So much for the effort. Now let us analyze matters and place the responsibility for this gigantic pugilistic fiasco where it belongs.

Fundamentally, the fault is to be found in the big purses that pugilists demand for their services. Until glove contests came in vogue fighters of championship quality were content to battle for supremacy, and financial emolument was an incidental factor. That was in the days before the pugilists here became a footlight attraction, when the professions of fighting and acting were separate and distinct and the breach between them of such enormous width that nobody thought of bridging them over. Then a fighter's services were rated at their proper value, and not from a box office standpoint. A fighter now a days finds it more profitable to embark in a theatrical venture in which there is little risk in the matter of finances and reputation, than to take a chance in the ring with the possibility of losing both. In this, such a man as Corbett, to whom the profession of fighting is objectionable, cannot be blamed, but his independent position as a theatrical star enables him to place such a high value upon his services that he can virtually dictate to fistic projectors the terms which would justify his abandoning the lucrative profession of acting for a time at a higher rate of compensation. However, even a man of Corbett's quality falls after a time to be a drawing magnet, some ambitious rival comes along and challenges him to combat, and the public, with a disposition to favor the new claimant, clamors for a battle. Then the champion finds himself in the position of having to fight or run away, and if he evinces a disposition to do the latter he begins to lack luster as a star.

It is when this contingency arises that the projectors of fistic entertainments display a lack of business acumen by offering purses of such enormous magnitude that public attention is attracted, and consequently and notoriety given to an event that otherwise would justify little more than passing notice.

"A \$41,000 purse, \$30,000 more in stake money, \$61,000; what," says the public, "big figure; what's it all about?" And they read; read everything that can be written about the affair. A fight for championship honor nowadays takes precedent over everything in the newspapers; the sensational columns are neglected, the events of the day, discussed, the market reports ignored, everything ignored but the columns and columns of fighting talk that is dished up daily. The newspapers in response to the demands of their readers, make the pugilistic columns as attractive as they possibly can. They give the details of training, the daily routine of work, what the fighter eats and how he passes his time. They furnish their readers with undrained views of every portion of his anatomy, glory in the correctness of his dimensions, as taken by their own special reporter. They even delve into the secrets of his private and unofficial life to discover some salacious domestic episode in the shape of matrimonial infidelity to serve up, garnished with those delicious details that make so-called splay reading.

Thus the ends and purposes of the projectors are served, for they depend upon this notoriety to influence the desire of members of the sporting fraternity to be present and swell the receipts so as to make the giving of \$41,000 purse possible.

The newspapers, therefore, are in a measure responsible, though not intentionally so. Were less notoriety given to the subject of professional pugilistic encounters, and less newspaper trumpeting indulged in by the principals, there would be less excitement, less attention drawn to an illegal proceeding, smaller attendance at the fights, no syndicates of capitalists to form clubs, no \$41,000 purses, the men would go to some quiet place and fight for the stake money, as of old, and the aims and purposes of the game would be served.

In these times of political ambition, gratified almost wholly by the ability of the aspirant to surmount official obstacles, no reasonable thinking person could justly criticize any State Governor for his refusal to countenance a proceeding forbidden by the statutes, or be the official sponsor for an act that would expose him to censure and open the gateway to public obloquy. The Law and Order element is more a factor in the administration of public affairs now than ever. No public official would dare to invite its antagonism. A clean, untarnished career is an open sesame to political ambition, and moral endorsement is more desired by the law makers than the influence of the law-breaking minority who want their illegal acts endorsed.

There is such a thing as gubernatorial sympathy and it was, doubtless, due to it that the Governor of Arkansas declined to countenance what the Governor of Texas had condemned. For Arkansas to have been turned into a mecca for the pugilistic pilgrims after Texas had driven them away, would have caused the moralists to hurl an avalanche of criticism at Gov. Clark, and the latter appreciating the amount of responsibility that would rest upon him refused to shoulder the burden. Had there been less notoriety, less trumpeting and less excitement, I have not a doubt but that the Corbett-Fitzsimmons affair might have been pulled off without any trouble. But it was that very notoriety, trumpeting and excitement that the Florida Athletic Club depended upon to swell the attendance and make the occasion profitable. So its own action proved to be a boomerang.

The projectors of the affair are responsible in another direction, too. It would seem as if a man of Dan Stuart's reputed business sagacity would have foreseen the need of attending to every detail that could probably interfere with the success of his plan. When the scheme for holding the fight in Texas was in its crystallizing state, we heard a whole lot about the opinions emanating from great legal minds upon the law relating to prize fighting. Assurances were given and reiterated that there was nothing in the statutes that could possibly justify any interference. These opinions were given by lawyers hired for the purpose by the club, and it would hardly have been consistent for them to have given opinions contrary to what they were expected to give. When an opposing mind in the person of the Attorney-General of the State, in the pay of the people and with no private interests involved, began to look into the matter, he found sufficient to justify him in making a threat to interfere. He also found an able supporter in the person of Gov. Culberson, whose official opposition was augmented by a private reason for antagonizing the man who projected the scheme. Dan Stuart displayed a convincing lack of judgment in not first getting an assurance from these two gentlemen before he came north with his proposition to bring the fight off in Dallas, Tex. Had he consulted Attorney-General Crane and smoothed out the creases of gubernatorial opposition, the main obstacles to the success of his plans might have been removed. Had he not succeeded in doing all this, he might have spared himself a lot of worry and humiliation, and the country at large a lot of disappointment; for with the assurance of the governor and the attorney-general that the fight would

be prevented at all hazards, it is more than likely, that he would have washed his hands of the matter before it had really been taken under serious consideration.

So much for Stuart's sagacity in the first instance. He put his feet into the puddle in Texas and followed it up with another error of judgment when he took his scheme into Arkansas expecting to be successful in the face of the black eye that Texas had dealt it. The conditions were precisely the same. Before his plan was perfected Gov. Clarke openly declared himself in opposition to the fight and manifested his views plainly enough in the vigorous means he resorted to, to convince Stuart that he was in earnest when he said the battle would not be permitted. It was an insult to his official dignity to expect him to welcome the scheme after Gov. Culberson and the Legislature of Texas had openly declared against it. Stuart again invited criticism by not facing the issue and sending Gov. Clarke before focusing his plans for holding the fight in Arkansas.

The only time that Stuart and his associates displayed any wisdom was when they decided to abandon the scheme; and this brings us to that part of the argument which relates to Corbett and Fitzsimmons.

That they were not wholly blameless for the failure of the scheme is evident. Fitzsimmons, perhaps, was the greater offender, but it must be remembered that he was handicapped by less able advisers than his opponent, and by a lack of money wherewith to do many things that might have aided in bringing about a more satisfactory ending. The attachments levied upon his stake money left him wholly without the means to carry out his part of the agreement, and thus placed him at a serious disadvantage in the estimation of the public. He was unable to obtain legitimate backing after his judgment creditors had claimed the money in Stakeholder Dwyer's hands. This compelled him to resort to bluffing tactics, and to this may be attributed his refusal to go to Hot Springs when the scene of action was transferred from Dallas; also his refusal to agree to another date than the one named in the articles of agreement. He realized that his only hope in evading an embarrassing issue through his failure to put up another \$10,000 depended upon compelling the Florida Athletic Club to adhere strictly to its agreement. By doing this he would perform compel Stuart and Vendig to declare the club out of the deal, and enable him to claim his share of the \$5,000 forfeit through the club's failure to discharge its obligation.

Such a proceeding was all right, viewed as a business proposition, but when the Australian's reputation for courage was assailed, and from one end of the country to the other he was being denounced as a coward, wisdom should have dictated to him the advisability of doing something to stem the tide of public bitterness.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred persons who were at Hot Springs during the recent excitement and took the pains to familiarize themselves with Fitzsimmons' actions from the time he left his training quarters at Corpus Christi until he placed himself in the hands of Gov. Clarke's officers believed that he had the courage to face Corbett in the ring. Every step he took seemed to indicate his fear. His actions at Texarkana when he refused to take advantage of the arrangements that had been made to get him into Hot Springs on a special train was enough to disgust everybody. He ignored Bob Houtp, the Sheriff, whom he knew to be friendly to the Hot Springs enterprise and whom he had been apprised would be in waiting with a special train to conduct him safely to the battle ground. Instead of placing himself under Houtp's protection, he refused to leave the regular train until it had passed into Arkansas and when Sheriff Dillard, who represented Gov. Clarke, appeared, with a posse of deputies, Fitz "obsequiously submitted to arrest" to use the language of a correspondent who reported the proceedings.

Had Fitzsimmons intended to fight he would have taken every available means to have reached Hot Springs instead of placing obstructions in the way. He knew when he placed himself in the custody of the governor's representative that even with a speedy settlement of the legal difficulties he could not have reached Hot Springs in time for the fight on the prescribed day. He was a willing tool in the hands of Gov. Clarke after he reached Little Rock, and his assurance to the latter that he would not fight in Arkansas was in consequence with his actions throughout the whole affair.

Bob Houtp thoroughly summed up the situation when he said, "If this thing gets into court, Gov. Clarke need only call two witnesses; Fitzsimmons to swear that he won't fight Corbett in Arkansas, and I'll swear that he won't fight him in any damned place on earth."

Fitzsimmons' position is a most humiliating one. He went out of his way to badger Corbett into making the match, inspiring many people with the belief that he could win and then at the last moment quit, with all the characteristics of "yaller dog." His past deeds in the ring will serve to no purpose in re-establishing him in the opinion of sporting people, and what his future will be can only be surmised. His loss of public confidence will affect him seriously; he is ridiculed from one end of the country to the other, and forever he will be pointed at as the man who thought he could beat Corbett but hadn't the courage to try. His treatment of the Florida Athletic Club ought to convince the managers, matchmakers and projectors of fistic entertainments that he cannot be depended upon, and I opine that they will be wary about doing business with him.

Right here reference might be made to Fitzsimmons' attitude on the referee question and his refusal to agree to the selection of that official until the day of the fight, for the reason that a longer time would expose him to the danger of being "fixed." There is no mistake about Fitzsimmons' views on this subject. He expressed them himself and his manager reiterated them often enough to make his meaning unmistakable.

If there is one thing that the American sporting men of good standing are jealous of, it is the reputation for honesty which the fraternity enjoys. The sporting man who is guilty of having participated in a shady transaction is intolerable. He is shunned by the fraternity and no matter what his statement may be he is forever after looked upon with suspicion.

It is the fraternity at large that Fitzsimmons assails when he intimates that any man may be "fixed." Such a sweeping insult was never before offered to the sporting men of America and coming from a man who himself admits having been mixed up in a scheme to swindle the sporting men of Australia when he "laid down" to Jim Hall, the imputation is doubly severe.

When Fitz wonders why he is so unpopular and lacks friends and sympathizers, I would respectfully suggest that he remember his insulting words.

Of Corbett I am inclined to express the greatest admiration. If any blame attaches to him it is because of his eagerness to convince the public of his desire to fight. He has indulged in a needless amount of newspaper talk and brought odium upon himself by his reflecting utterances concerning Fitzsimmons. Otherwise Corbett has acted in a manner becoming to a champion who has his title and prestige to defend. He has done all in his power to facilitate bringing matters to a crisis. He placed himself in the breach when the legal status of the case was being defined, and submitted to arrest at a time when Fitzsimmons could not be driven or persuaded to leave Texas. His latest declaration that he would not leave Hot Springs until every vestige of hope that the affair could be pulled off was abandoned, ought to convince any reasonable thinking person that he would have fought if given half a chance.

SAM AUSTIN.

Frank Erns, of Buffalo, who has for some time been anxious to get on a mill with George Dixon, has succeeded in his efforts. The boys have agreed to box ten rounds at 126 pounds for a decision and purse. The contest will take place at the New Manhattan A. C. on December 4. Both Erns and Dixon have begun training.

Billy Plimmer keeps his friends on this side of the Atlantic informed as to his future plans. In a letter Plimmer writes: "I learn from the papers that Dixon intends to come to England. Well, I shall be ready for him if he makes overtures to me. I am to meet Peddler Palmer on the 18th of this month before the National Sporting Club, and I am in fine condition. They tell me Palmer is a very clever lad who can hit hard and who is very shifty. I just like to box such kind of people, because I feel better when the battle is over and victory is mine. I suppose I will be the favorite in the betting. I don't want any of my American friends to neglect me because I will not fail to give them a good run for their money. If Dixon concedes to my demands, which are reasonable, I think we can come to terms."

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We guarantee you will be satisfied. Address

RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

F. J. F., —See last week's POLICE GAZETTE.

J. R. U., Coimessell, Tex.—See diagrams in last week's POLICE GAZETTE.

J. J. W., Batavia, N. Y.—Money should have gone with the referee's decision.

T. MANLEY, —Prof. Mike Donovan. Address him at the New York Athletic Club.

J. W. H., Albany, N. Y.—Has James Corbett met and defeated Frank F. Slavin?—No.

J. W. B., Chicago.—Where did Sullivan whip Paddy Ryan?—At Mississippi City, Miss.

W. E. P., Corsicana, Tex.—Have Robert Fitzsimmons and Peter Jackson ever fought?—No.

O. J. H., Wilmington, Del.—Has Corbett ever been knocked down by Charley Mitchell?—No.

G. B., Barre, Vt.—What is the recognized championship limit for middleweights?—156 pounds.

READER, Chicago, Ill.—Can a man between the ages of 18 and 25 enlist in the U. S. navy?—Yes.

R. G., Norfolk, Va.—Is there a book of the Shadow method of training?—Yes. Price is \$2.00.

W. F. G., Chicago, Ill.—What was the date of the killing of Jesse James, the bandit?—April 3, 1882.

C. H. B., Clay City, Ill.—Did Corbett ever spit in Fitzsimmons' face?—We answer with regret, yes.

D. H., Mt. Pleasant, Ohio.—How many rounds were fought in the Corbett-Jackson fight?—81 rounds.

READER, Newburgh.—How many times did Jack Dempsey fight La Blanche, the Marquis?—Only twice.

L. A. P., Laboure Crossing, La.—Did Fitzsimmons fight a four-round draw with Peter Jackson?—No.

W. L., Staten Island.—Did Mitchell strike Sullivan a knock-down blow during their fight in France?—No.

NEWSREADER, Velsco, Tex.—Who is the heavyweight champion at the present time?—James J. Corbett.

J. T., New York.—What was Jack Dempsey's age and height?—Born December 15, 1892; 5 feet 10½ inches.

J. S. C., Quinston.—How many times did Sullivan and Kilrain fight for the championship of America?—Once.

S. E. M., Holyoke, Mass.—Which has the longest reach, Corbett or Fitzsimmons?—See POLICE GAZETTE of last week.

C. T. C., Niantic, E. I.—Where was the battle between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fought?—Richmond, Miss.

W. H. S., Horton Miles City, Mont.—What year was young Charley Ross kidnapped from his home?—July 7, 1874.

J. I. S., Peoria, Ill.—8 bets that Fitzsimmons was born in England?—S wins. See "Life of Fitzsimmons," 25 cents.

L. G., Quarry, Tex.—Where can I get an electric tattooing machine?—Write to the Western Electric Co., Chicago, Ill.

C. E. P., Petersburg, Va.—What is the age of John L. Sullivan and also his age when he met Corbett?—37 years. 24.

A. S., Neenach, Cal.—Is Charley Mitchell of England, a heavyweight or a middleweight?—He is considered a heavyweight.

A. and B., Grand Rapids, Mich.—A bets that Griffith is a white man; B bets that he is a colored man. Which wins?—A wins.

J. P. B., Luverne, Minn.—A bets Corbett is a full blooded Irishman. B bets he is not full blooded?—He is of Irish parentage.

H. C., Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.—Did Frank P. Slavin ever slap the face of James J. Corbett, champion pugilist of the world?—No.

P. C. D., Chillicothe, Mo.—Is Bob Fitzsimmons an Englishman or Australian?—Fitzsimmons was born at Elston, Cornwall, England.

T. H., Grand Forks, N. D.—How many times did Corbett knock Sullivan down?—Sullivan fell from exhaustion and was unable to rise.

W. K. and J. W., Meriden, Conn.—A bets B that Goddard defeated Jackson?—They fought an 8-round draw at Melbourne in 1890.

W. H. B., Fortrose Monroe, Va.—Have George Dixon and the Kentucky Rosebud met more than once in a 4-round bout?—Only once.

C. L., East Orange, N. J.—I have made a bet that when Corbett and Jackson fought it was considered a draw?—It was so considered.

S. G. W., Carbondale, Pa.—Publish list of different coins that there is a premium on. Will mail you a premium list on receipt of 25 cents.

A. C., Lyons, N. Y.—Give the name of the confidence man killed by O'Brien on the Great Northern Railway platform at Paris?—Reed Waddell.

O. W. D., Laconia, N. H.—Where can I obtain chains for breaking with the hands and teeth and also lifting weights?—At any hardware store.

J. B. B., Hartford City, Ind.—In the group called "Fitzsimmons and his trainers," which is Fitz?—He stands at the back just beneath the arch.

L. D., Vergennes, Vt.—Who has got the longest reach of the two, Fitz or Corbett?—Fitzsimmons' reach, 6 feet 3½ inches; Corbett's reach, 6 feet 1 inch.

A. B., Holman, W. Va.—Did Peter Maher and Peter Jackson ever fight?—No. They gave a friendly exhibition in Dublin when Jackson visited there.

D. T., Chicago, Ill.—Is James J. Corbett the world's champion today?—Was John L. Sullivan ever heavyweight champion of the world?—1. No. 2. No.

J. O. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—J bets that it is lawful for a prize fight to take place in England with skin-tight gloves. C bets it is not lawful. —It is not lawful anywhere.

A. G. S., Silverton, Colo.—Have Dempsey and La Blanche, the Marine, ever fought a draw, or if they ever fought more than twice?—They fought twice. Each scored a victory.

J. M., Elwood, Ind.—What is the best amateur record for 100-yards dash, and who made it?—9.45 seconds. Wefers and Owen.

Donovan, the professional, claims a record of 9.3-5.

E. W. V. B., Fall River—A bets B that when Fitzsimmons and Hall fought in New Orleans they did not fight for the middleweight championship of the world. Which wins?—A wins.

W. O. B., New Orleans, La.—A bets that Jim Hall whipped Fitzsimmons; B bets that he did not. Which wins?—A wins, but Fitzsimmons admits that he "laid down" to Hall for \$75.

J. W. C., York, Pa.—How many rounds did Sullivan and Mitchell fight in France, and how many at Madison Square Garden, New York?—39 rounds in France. 3 rounds in Madison Square Garden.

W. McN., —We had a dispute as to the way they measure a man for his reach. Is it with outstretched arms or just from his shoulders to the tips of his fingers?—No, his breadth from finger tip to finger tip.

C. W. D., Osceola, Ga.—Did Peter Maher in his fight with Fitzsimmons at any stage of the fight have Fitz almost out, and did the end of the round save Fitz from almost sure defeat?—Yes, he landed a chance blow.

H. O. P., Ore Bank, Va.—Publish the names of the men whose

photographs are on the belt shown in supplement of POLICE GAZETTE?—Richard K. Fox, James J. Corbett, John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell.

J. I. S., Peoria, Ill.—Did Sullivan knock Mitchell out the first time they met in Madison Square Garden? Did Peter Maher, the Irish champion, fight Peter Jackson in America?—1. No; the contest was stopped by the police in the 3rd round. 2. No.

READER, Fort Missoula, Mont.—A bets B that Jack Dempsey was knocked out by La Blanche before he met Bob Fitzsimmons. Who wins?—A wins. La Blanche whipped Dempsey Aug. 27th, 1890. The Fitzsimmons-Dempsey fight occurred Jan. 14th, 1891.

R. S. R., So. Norwalk, Conn.—Under what conditions did the nineteen foot boat, which left the Battery last June, cross the ocean? Under what conditions would you send another?—1. McCallum made the proposition, the POLICE GAZETTE fitted him out. 2. None.

E. H. Mel., Quincy, Mass.—Who is the champion 440-yard runner of the world? Has John L. Sullivan got any sons and are they living? How many battles has Bob Fitzsimmons fought and how many has he won?—1. T. J. Burke. 2. No. 3. Send 25 cents for "Life of Fitzsimmons."

R. G., New Rochelle, N. Y.—Did Griffith and Leeds ever meet in the ring, if so, what place and who was the winner? How old is Peter Jackson? What is the weight of Joe Walcott?—1. Griffith defeated Leeds at the Seaside Athletic Club, Coney Island, on March 4th, last. 2. Peter Jackson was born near Porio River, West Indies, on July 3rd, 1861. 3. Lightweight, 135 pounds.

T. F. S., Utica, N. Y.—In answer to J. L., Dexter, Minn., you stated that the most number of miles ridden on a bicycle was 22 miles and 150 yards, W. A. Howe, at Springfield, Mass., on Oct. 25, 1894. This is disputed by a sport from Utica. Please state if this record has ever been beaten in this country or Europe under similar conditions. The best on record for riding one hour is 29 miles 45 yards, made by J. W. Stux, Oct. 14, 1895, London, Eng.

TEXAS.—I hope you will pardon me troubling you, but on looking through my POLICE GAZETTE the other week, I saw one of your correspondents asking you where he could purchase "Fistiana." Your reply was that it was out of print. I have "Fistiana" in three large volumes, well bound and quite complete, almost as good as new, from the time of Figg down to Mace and Coburn. I have been very sick for a long time, and the money would be very useful to me if I could sell them. Name your price for the three volumes.

R. F. H., Sexton, Ind.—What is the limit of weights of the following classes of prize fighters: Bantamweight, featherweight, lightweight, welterweight and middleweight? In the Fitzsimmons-Maher fight, was Maher knocked down, and if so, what round, and was Fitzsimmons the first man knocked down?—1. Bantam, 105 to 115 pounds; feather, not exceeding 123 pounds; light, 123 to 133 pounds; welterweight, 133 to 143 pounds; middleweight, 143 to 153 pounds. 2. Maher was knocked down in the first round by Fitzsimmons.

B. A. W., Valley Falls, N. Y.—A and B play a game of casino, 21 points game. A is 20, B is 15. A takes in an ace and declares out. Does A win? Can A declare out on an ace before the game is finished when cards and spades and big casino would put B out? A and B play casino, 21 points. A has 17, B 15. A has cards and one sweep, B the rest, who wins? A and B play casino, 21 points. A is 20, B 15. A makes a sweep and declares out, does A win?—A wins. The points are scored as soon as made and a player wins the game when he has made and claims the 21 points. When "sweeps" are played they count out the same as any other points.

STUART HASN'T GIVEN IT UP.

Believes There is Yet a Chance of the Fighters
Going to Mexico.

Dan Stuart, of Dallas, Tex., has not given up all hope of bringing Fitzsimmons and Corbett together, and information is wired to the POLICE GAZETTE from Texas that he is even now in Mexico negotiating for the contest to be pulled off. Before Stuart left Little Rock, Ark., he had a long talk with Julian relative to the proposition to pull off a fight at Juarez, across from El Paso. Stuart said: "The situation is this: I have had confidential agents in Mexico for two weeks, and their reports are uniformly favorable, but I have been fooled so often by the reports of others that I am determined to take no chances this time. I am going to see the governor of the Mexican State of Chihuahua, in which Juarez is situated. He has said to my agents that the fight can come off here without interference. I am going to get his consent in black and white. If I get it the fight will be a go. If I don't get it I shall throw up the whole thing. I have been on a dead card for nearly a year now, and I don't propose to blow in \$25,000 more on another one."

Stuart also said that the big annual bull fight in Juarez began on the 15th of November. If the governor proved amiable the prize fight would take place in the bull ring. Julian said he had signed a preliminary agreement for the match. He also said that besides putting up the \$10,000 forfeit for the Juarez fight, Stuart had agreed to make good personally the \$2,500 which the Florida Club had guaranteed to pay Fitzsimmons in case the fight could not be pulled off at Dallas or Hot Springs, because of legal interference. Stuart will have to find \$10,000 for Fitzsimmons to put up as a side bet.

There is now no concealment of the fact that Julian cannot raise the money. Stuart's persistence in endeavoring to pull off the fight has caused considerable anxiety as to his motives. It is notorious that after the fiasco of last week not a corporal's guard of sports could be induced to visit Mexico, even if they were assured of a fight. Therefore the game money would amount to nothing.

The secret of Stuart's tenacity is said to be in the fact that he has secured from the Eldorado people a guarantee of \$50,000 for pictures of the fight. That being the case, he can very well afford to put up a \$20,000 purse, and as this \$10,000 forfeit will not be made good until he secures the written consent of the Mexican governor, he stands to lose nothing by the operation. It all depends on the "Greaser" Executive. If he guarantees immunity, Corbett can scarcely refuse to fight, while Fitzsimmons, having nothing to lose, either in money or reputation, may be counted on to jump at the chance.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Alexander, Ted	Hanley, Jack	McCoy, James
Allart, Mrs. Nellie	Harrison, H. D.	Miller, Sebastian
Ashinger, Chas. W.	Hart, Chas. B.	Montgomery, Bud
Athleta, Milo	Hartung, A. C.	Moore, Dick
Bogan, Fred	Hayes, John C.	Muldoon, Wm
Bonner, John	Hagerstrom, Maurice	Muller, Geo. T.
Brown, J.	Herry, Dan	Muller, Joe
Burge, Jim	Hoey, John	Murphy, Billy
Burke, Jack	Hughes, John	Murphy, W. H.
Burns, J. H.	Jackson, Peter	Murphy, John
Burrell, H. J.	Jefferson, Chas	Myers, Geo
Camp, Eugene	Johnson	Myers, Leo
Canning, E. J.	Kaufmann	Nelson, Frankie
Cannon, Tom	Kelly, Thos	Newman, Bill
Carson, Wm	Kelly, Jenny	Overbye, Hagen
Cass, James	Kennard, James	Peterson, C. J.
Comstock (wrestler)	Kenny, Jack	Plimmer, Billy
Comiskey, Chas	Kenny, Wm	Quinn, Pat
Conners, Tom	Kessler, Geo	Quinn, Peter
Converse, Geo. M.	Koster, John Jr	Quinn, Michael
Cordell, Joe	Ladlin, Prof	Ready, Pat
Danpershang, Thomas	Larkinson, Henry	Rhodes, Rodd Walter
Dearing, Miss Rose	Leahy	Rober, Ernest
Dempsey, John	Lee, C. C.	Rosen, Lew

SPORT OF ALL SORTS.

Events of Passing Interest that Merit Criticism.

FOOTBALL'S NOW THE GAME.

Big Winnings Accumulated On the Turf by Leading Owners.

MURPHY IS ENTITLED TO PRAISE.

The aggregate of turf prizes raced for in the East during the year does not equal, by a considerable sum, the amount of added money in 1894. It was not expected that racing would be as profitable as in previous years, for the doing away with the old betting privileges depleted the revenues of the associations to an extent that made reductions in added money absolutely necessary. Still the list of winning owners, published below, shows that racing is profitable, so much so that even large establishments, properly managed, can be made to more than pay expenses.

David Gideon heads the list with a total of \$67,330, the major portion of which was contributed through Requist's victory in the Futurity. Up to the time of the dissolution of Gideon & Daly the firm had won \$39,736, so that the "all blue" won altogether, perhaps, more than has been accorded to any single owner since J. R. & F. P. Keene's successful year in 1893, when Domino swept the boards as a two-year-old.

F. J. Dwyer, through the early spring victories of Handspring, won the comfortable total of \$59,150, and the Blenheim stable comes third with a credit of \$45,395. J. J. McCafferty, through the fine lot of two-year-olds he had in the spring, including Applegate, rounded out a profitable season, winning \$44,848, and the Santa Anita and Del Monte stables both have large amounts to the credit of their racing accounts.

The Del Monte stable won \$31,925, nearly all of which came through the victory of Bright Phoebe in the Realization. W. S. Hobart, the proprietor of the stable, is a young and wealthy Californian, who no doubt finds his initial venture on the turf entirely satisfactory. The most notable change from last year's big winners is the falling off in the amounts won by the Oueck stable, which this season only reaches \$11,937.

A very fair proportion of the aggregate added money was evenly distributed among a large number of small owners.

The legitimate turf season in the east is ended but there will not be a very great thinning out of the ranks of prominent horsemen in this vicinity, until after the Horse Show. The Pimlico meeting, at Baltimore, Md., however, which began last Monday, will attract quite a contingent of layers of odds and small owners. The meeting is likely to be successful, as it is under responsible management—that of the Saratoga Association—and will draw patronage not only from New York, but from Philadelphia and Washington as well.

After the Horse Show a delegation of turfmen from this city will make the journey to California and New Orleans to attend the winter meetings at these points. The San Francisco contingent is likely to include such well known figures on the local race courses as "Pittsburg" Phil, David Gideon, E. Purser, M. F. Dwyer, P. J. Dwyer and James Rowe.

Not many horses will be shipped from this vicinity to the Pacific coast—at any rate, not until late in the season. "Pittsburg Phil" and W. C. Daly's lots will be about the largest stables that will go. Jockey Duggett will rest up in Michigan for a month and then will go on to ride "Phil's" horses returning in the Spring to ride for the Oueck stable. Fred Tarsi is going on a visit to Atlanta, Ga., after which he, too, will journey to San Francisco. Griffin will make the trip later on, and probably so, too, will Sims.

Nearly all the big stables have gone into winter quarters.

Maurice Daly and Frank Ives have decided to do what they can to "strut up" the interest in billiards. After talking the matter over in Daly's parlors recently the following was drawn up and signed:

With a view of adding interest to the game of billiards, besides affording the players of the first, second and third classes an opportunity to show the public their relative ability, most of these players having been heretofore deprived of a suitable opportunity of showing their skill, and believing that the public would appreciate an opportunity to see the best experts in the country compete in a tournament, we hereby offer:

\$3,000 for a tournament to be played in New York about the first week in December, 1895, at either billiards or cushion carroms, as the players may choose, to be divided into four prizes.

\$3,000 for a tournament to be played in Chicago about the third week in January, 1896, on the same basis as the one in New York.

\$1,000 for a tournament to be played in Boston after the Chicago games.

\$1,000 for a tournament to be played in either Cincinnati or St. Louis after the Chicago games.

Entrance money, \$100 for each tournament, to go to the winner.

All tournaments to be on the handicap basis. Billiards games to be 600 points up, and no player allowed more than 400 points handicap; cushion carrom games to be 300 points up, and no player allowed more than 75 points handicap. Handicaps to be arranged by the contestants, if possible; or, if they cannot agree, by a committee of three, to be chosen by the players. The prize money will be deposited with any reputable newspaper or person the players may agree upon. Entries close Nov. 9.

MAURICE DALY,
FRANK C. IVES.

The total prize money is \$3,000, and it is believed to be the largest ever offered for a series of billiard tournaments.

Comparatively few persons know that the man who contributed most to the success of this country in at least two international sporting events during the past season was Mike Murphy. Murphy is the Yale and New York Athletic Club trainer. A few years ago he was training the athletes of the Detroit Athletic Club, but it did not require much persuasion to induce him to come East. Murphy is a little man, and his enthusiasm for athletic sports knows no bounds. He is an interesting character to those who come in contact with him. Usually he is a gentle mannered fellow, and the athlete he trains always looks upon him as a bank. If he is paid on the first day of the month he is usually broke on the fifth, for his roll cannot survive the demand for loans made upon it. No man at Yale holds the blue in more affectionate regard than Murphy. He is the hardest kind of a worker, and there is no trick about sprint and distance running that he does not understand. When with the Detroit Athletic Club Murphy met with signal success, and one of the men he brought to the front, John Owens, Jr., is a joint holder of the 0.9 4/5 100 yards record with Bernard J. Wefers who is Murphy's latest pupil. Murphy is the only man in the world who trained two athletes to win in that time. He has the ability to take a team of novices and, with proper facilities, make them champions, provided they have the strength and endurance. Murphy can teach his men to be skillful as no other athletic club trainer can, and he can bring around an injured man with all the skill of a tried physician. He is now looking after the needs of the Yale football team. He has received many offers to go elsewhere, but has refused them all. It has surprised many persons to hear that if the New York Athletic Club sends a team to England next year Murphy will not

go as trainer. Murphy is the one man to train an American team abroad, for he not only understands the game, but there is absolutely none of the Charles Courtney in his make up.

Naturally the Yale-Princeton match this year will not have the same interest attached to it that obtained when the result really told which eleven were champions of the college gridiron. Yale holds aloof from Pennsylvania, who gave her an awful scare in 1893, and who thrashed Princeton soundly last Fall. Harvard declines to apologize to Yale for the remarks of Dr. Brooks about Yale's latest exhibition of savagery last November, and so the big Yale-Harvard contest is in nubibus. Princeton, while ranking under the defeat administered by Pennsylvania last year, will not challenge her ancient foe. Of course the Yale assumption of unquestioned superiority in all things, which precludes contests with Cornell in rowing and baseball, applies equally to football.

Thus the big matches in sight for this season are the Yale-Princeton here, the Harvard-Pennsylvania at Cambridge and the Pennsylvania-Cornell at Philadelphia.

At Princeton last Fall was a most disastrous season. Not only were the Tigers badly beaten by Penn and Yale, although their team, except at quarter and fullback, was identical with the one that beat Yale 13 to 0 in '93 and won the intercollegiate championship, but their expenses exceeded their receipts—an innovation in intercollegiate football annals. Though the champions, the Tigers tamely submitted to Yale's dictation in everything last Fall and suffered accordingly.

DOMINO.

FITZ STILL TALKS FIGHT.

Says He Will Remain in Texas Awaiting Dan Stuart's Action.

A recent dispatch from Dallas, Tex., says Bob Fitzsimmons and party showed to a crowded house in Masie Hall, at the State Fair Grounds. Bag punching, wrestling and sparring were included in the programme.

Reporters could get no interviews with Fitzsimmons on pugilism. He referred them to Martin Julian. Dag Stuart is in El Paso, arranging personally for a fight in that neighborhood between Corbett and Fitzsimmons. Julian made this statement:

"We are staying in the southwest in the hope of bringing off the fight, and have declined all offers of engagements in the north and east. We have confidence that Mr. Stuart will be able to arrange to pull off the fight in Mexico, and we will remain in Texas until we hear definitely from him. Just the moment he is ready in Mexico I will be ready to deposit the \$10,000 side bet for Fitzsimmons, and I tell you Corbett will be hard to catch about that time. All that talk sent from Hot Springs and Little Rock that Fitzsimmons could not raise the side bet of \$10,000 was inspired by the Corbett party. If we could have put up \$100,000 what good would it have done? There was no earthly chance to fight in Arkansas, and Bob and his friends were not going to take any chances on having their money tied up."

Fitz deemed it proper to make an extended speech to the audience, in which he covered the ground taken by Julian, but in a much more forcible manner. He said he did this to clear the public mind on many of the misrepresentations of his enemies.

ANOTHER BID FOR THE BIG FIGHT.

Corbett and Fitzsimmons can fight in Michigan and only be liable to a \$10 fine. So says a letter to the POLICE GAZETTE. Besides getting off so easily, they are offered from 180 acres of land. Here is the letter in full:

ALLEGAN, Allegan Co., Mich., Nov. 1, 1895.

RICHARD K. FOX, New York—Dear Sir: In view of the failure of Corbett and Fitzsimmons fight, the following proposition is made to you for your consideration: On the Chicago & West Michigan Railroad is a small station called Bravo, Allegan county, Mich., which is only a three hours' ride from Chicago, which is the objective point. The proposition is to deed to the two principals 100 acres of land joint. There is no law for owners not to fight on their own land. Charles H. Dewing, the millionaire lumberman of Kalamazoo, will deed this land and the railroad facilities for carrying are unsurpassed. There is one mile of siding at Bravo where special trains can be side-tracked, or persons could come to Allegan and drive over. This land is a perfect amphitheatre and could accommodate 15,000 people. It is simply a breach of the peace to fight on your own property, and the fine is \$10. Furthermore, it is only four hours' ride from Detroit, thirty miles from Grand Rapids, and four hours' ride from Toledo, O. Nature has made this one of the most desirable spots on the face of the earth for such an entertainment. A drive of two hours from Allegan over one of Michigan's best State roads will bring you to the spot. I remain, Yours truly, ARTHUR MANN.

WINANS' GREAT SHOOTING.

Enviably Record of the American with His Revolver Against English Cracks.

Revolver shooting in America bids fair to come into greater prominence as a sport for gentlemen this winter than at any previous time. The crack shots here, and those who have always been fair shots with the revolver, have been encouraged by the splendid record made by Walter Winans, of Baltimore, who for the past eight years has been winning almost all the prizes offered in British revolver matches.

Accustomed for years to shoot on the large estates in England, owned by his family, when Mr. Winans took up revolver shooting he seemed to win as he pleased, against the expert shots at Bisley and other places. A short time ago he sent a photograph of all the prizes he had won to date, to his old friend and adviser, Capt. J. S. Conlin, of the New Manhattan Athletic Club, having heard that a new revolver club had just been organized there.

One of Winans' targets shows a score of 118, out of a possible 120, in twelve consecutive shots, full size at fourteen yards, shot at Brighton, England, rifle gallery on Feb. 14, 1895, with a Colt 45-calibre revolver, full charge English army ammunition, mark 1, one of his best recent ones shows a score of 39 out of a possible 42, on the regular unsheltered range at Lightwater, Surrey, England, on Aug. 27, 1894. The conditions were six shots in twelve seconds, at twenty yards, English army full charge, mark 1 ammunition 5-pounds trigger pull. This is said to equal the best score on record in competition under these conditions.

Mr. Winans' score made last month shows that he has won the championship for eight years. Here are the scores for each year: 30 yards, 42, 41, 40, 50 yards, 40, 39, 39; total 324. He used S. and M. revolvers, and U. M. C. ammunition. Mr. Rand was second, and Capt. T. W. Heath third in the last match.

The Manhattan Revolver Club, recently organized in New York city as a branch of the New Manhattan Athletic Club, has for its object practice shooting, and ultimately, when they have developed a team strong enough, to shoot international and other matches. There is plenty of good material in the United States from which to place a team in the field that should be able to give almost any country or club a close contest.

Ten Americans, whose records show them to be good revolver shots, are Pierre Lorillard, Jr., E. B. Bishop, George Bird, Albert A. Cohen, J. B. Collins, Theodore Beck, Dr. C. T. Adams, Dr. R. H. Sayre, Clarence Mackay and F. A. Schwab.

The men who are doing the best shooting in England at present are F. Rand, Capt. T. W. Heath, Mr. Joynt, Lord Cairns, W. Elliott, Major Cowan, Lieut. Howard and Messrs. Carter, Comber and Andrews.

Speaking of the sport, Capt. J. S. Conlin said: "Winans' shooting has called attention to the sport more than anything else of late. Competition has developed better shots than we had, and it has resulted in improved sights and ammunition. Anything that would hit a man was considered good enough a few years ago, but that won't do now. I see the police are learning to shoot. That is a good thing. They ought also to learn how to handle the arm. Accidents are very liable to happen through the careless handling of a revolver."

JAMES J. CORBETT.

The Life and Battles of the American Champion, in book form, illustrated with portraits, etc. Price 35 cents, sent by mail to your address. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

IN THE REALM OF FISTIANA

JUST PUBLISHED!

Fox's Sensational Series, No. 19, Woman's Wickedness.

A story from actual life, dealing with the Frivola, Frailty and Vanity of a Lovely, Passionate, but Wicked Woman, by Georges Ohnet.

Elegantly and Artistically Illustrated with Half-Tones and Pen Drawings.

PRICE, BY MAIL, 50 CENTS.

Sent to any address, securely wrapped, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

Jack McAniff is still talking of making a trip to Africa.

Parson Davies wants to get a chance for Joe Choyinski against the winner of the Maher-O'Donnell fight.

A new athletic club for the furtherance of boxing will be started in Long Island City within a few months.

Billy Delaney, who has trained Corbett for all his battles, will leave for his home, in San Francisco, in a few days.

Jim Maco, who seconded Dan Creedon against the "Coffee Cooler," is expected to arrive in this country as an early date.

Stanton Abbott has issued a sweeping challenge to any white man between 126 and 135 pounds. Lavigne and Griffe are preferred.

Morace Leads will take no further notice of Professor John H. Clark or Charles McKeever until they cover his money now posted in New York.

Benny Murphy, who has Jimmy Anthony in tow, says that he has arranged a match for his man, and that he will box an unknown in Philadelphia. The contest is limited to 6 rounds.

Sammy Meyers, of New York, is inclined to get on a battle with Johnny Murphy, of Boston. Meyers writes that he will box him before any club in Boston or this city at 114 or 115 pounds.

Jimmy Francy, of Cincinnati, who has quite a reputation as a lightweight in the West, is coming to this city to get on a "go" with Young Griffe. Francy has backing, and comes here well recommended.

Frank Kimpher, of Buffalo, who has fought draws with Charley Kelly and Dolly Lyons, will be matched against a good boxer for six rounds, at 115 pounds, for a purse of \$150 on November 21st or 23rd by a New York club.

Ted Alexander and Tom O'Rourke had a long talk recently over the proposed mill between Jerry Marshall and George Dixon. O'Rourke looks favorably on the meeting and says he will arrange a mill as soon as Dixon gets through with Eric.

Bill Brerly, the English featherweight, has come to this country for the purpose of challenging George Dixon. He will agree to fight the colored champion at weight, or if Dixon is unwilling he will meet any man in the world at 118 pounds.

"Beau Brummel" Mike Leonard has been indulging in some more of his eccentric performances. This time he had a brawl with Marty McCue in Philadelphia. The latter it is reported was kicking the "Beau" all over the floor until some of Leonard's friends rescued him.

At West Superior, Wis., on Nov. 5, Jimmy Murphy easily defeated Tom Norton in a seventeen round contest. Norton was knocked down six times, but responded gamely until the seventeenth round. Murphy some years ago achieved a reputation by fighting Tommy Ryan to a draw in fifty-four rounds.

Jimmy Barry is at present in Chicago, suffering from a broken left hand. Barry writes to a friend in this city that his arm is in plaster of paris, and he does not think he will be able to use it for some time to come. Barry received his accident during his contest with Kid Madden, at Masspeth, a few weeks ago.

Jack Miller, of Ashland, and Harry Kiser, of Ironton, Ohio, met in a ring at South Point, eight miles west of Washington, Ohio, on November 5, and fought desperately for a purse of \$200. In the thirteenth round Miller knocked his antagonist out with a powerful blow from his right, and Kiser was unconscious for some minutes. The referee decided in favor of Miller.

The Suffolk Club of Boston, has arranged to hold its boxing tournament jointly with the Worcester Athletic Club, and has changed the date to Monday, Nov. 25. The bouts will take place in the Worcester skating rink, and subject to the rules of the A. A. U. There will be five special matches and open classes at 110, 117 and 128 pounds. The prizes are diamond rings to all winners, and gold watches to the second men in open classes.

There is a possibility of a suit, with Bob Fitzsimmons as plaintiff, against the Florida Athletic Club for \$2,500, which the ex-New Zealand blacksmith claims is due him for reasons best known to himself. When this story was circulated another of the foreigner's creditors applied for an attachment against this money, which Joe Vendig claims Fitzsimmons has no more chance of getting than he has of being elected to Congress. Phil Dwyer is still the stakeholder.

John Fleming, manager of the National Sporting Club, of London, is eager to get some matches for his club in which boxers of repute are to figure. He writes to the effect that he will give a purse for a mill between O'Donnell and Maher. His letter was written before the men signed to box at Masspeth. Fleming further states that he has been asked to bid for the match between Corbett and Fitzsimmons, but refuses to take the contest if the pugilist would box for nothing.

Jack Dempsey was second only to Sullivan as one of the most popular pugilistic idols of this or any other time in the history of the ring. Bob Fitzsimmons often spoke of him as being the servient and best man he ever met in this country, and it is a well-known fact that Dempsey was not in his best form when he met Lanky Bob. Yet the latter could not put Dempsey out in less than 13 rounds. Fitz was to have received an extra bonus if he could defeat Dempsey in 10 rounds.

The fifth series of boxing bouts under the auspices of the Long Island S. A. Club, will take place at the Palace Rink, Grand street, Williamsburg, on Monday, November 18. The card arranged is as follows:—Eight rounds at 118 pounds, Maxey Haugh, of Brooklyn, vs. Frank Patterson, of Brooklyn; eight rounds at 140 pounds, Billy West, of Brooklyn, vs. "Shadow" Maber, of Australia, and eight rounds at 125 pounds between Sam Boien (colored), of Harlem, and Jack Downey, of Brooklyn.

Arrangements have been completed for a final fight between Australian Jimmy Anthony and Sammy Kelly. The men will meet in private at 115 pounds, and fight with skin-tight gloves. It is said that a purse of \$1,000 will be offered and that the witnesses to the affair will be limited to fifty persons. Anthony says he will probably enter the ring at 113 pounds, but has agreed to allow Kelly to weigh 115. Martin Dowling, who is backing Anthony, is willing to make a side bet of \$1,000 or more.

Joe Walcott and Kid Lavigne have agreed to box fifteen rounds at the Empire A. C. on Dec. 3. The men are to weigh in at 135 pounds at 6 o'clock on the evening of the contest. If Walcott fails to stop Lavigne in 15 rounds he is to forfeit the right of victory,

even if he has an advantage in points. The impression that Walcott cannot get down to the lightweight limit is dispelled now, for O'Rourke guarantees that his man will weigh 135 pounds at the time specified. Walcott is now at Boston, and will go into training immediately.

Nearly one hundred entries have been received by Billy Newman for the boxing tournament which takes place at the New Manhattan A. C. on Nov. 16. There are two classes, 125 pounds and 145 pounds, and from the large entry list Mr. Newman will select the best eight men in each class. They will contest in four round bouts for supremacy. The four winners in each class will then decide the right to enter the finals, and the final pair in each class will settle their arguments a few nights later, with Dixon and Frank Erne as the star attractions.

In the 33-round draw recently fought at the Olympic A. C., New Orleans, between Owen Zeigler and Jack Everhardt, Zeigler broke a small bone in his left hand, which prevented him from defeating Everhardt. Everhardt gives as a reason for his slowness that a week before the contest he had a large carbuncle lanced. The pain from clinches and attempts to use his left arm, he says, was terrible, and he only fought to save the people from disappointment. Everhardt is certain that he can put Zeigler out in 15 rounds when in good condition at 135 pounds.

There seems to be a pugilistic boom in England just now. In a letter to a friend in this city Manager John Fleming writes as follows: "Things pugilistically are brightening up, and the game seems to have secured a new lease of life over here. I do not think there is any chance of a match between Choyinski and Creedon. The latter does not desire to give away too much weight. 'Parson' Davies is thinking seriously of bringing Sullivan over here, and has asked me if I thought the big fellow would take at the music halls. I told him he would for a while. If O'Rourke intends to bring Walcott and Dixon to England, I fear that he will not get a match on, as there is no one to meet his men."

Jim Hall, the Australian pugilist, dropped into Cleveland the other day to attend a wrestling match, and put up at the Hollenden, where he proceeded to imbibe. Then he started in to bully the guests and hotel attendants. R. Pinow, who is stopping at the hotel, became the particular object of his ire. Pinow was sitting reading, when Hall approached him and struck him a terrific blow in the jaw, knocking him halfway across the lobby. Hall next gave his attention to the billiard room, where he terrorized all the players and compelled them to stop playing. The police were notified, and an officer after a long and hard fight, succeeded in placing Hall under arrest and conveyed him to a cell in the Central station.

The life and adventures of Sailer Brown would form interesting reading, says a London sporting paper. After having his head broken in a row in St. George's, East, Sailer got into the Jews of Aldgate, and having a best up with a friend of La Blanche, the Marine, who fancied he could fight, Sailer wiped the ground with his opponent. The man happened to be what is described as a "runner" for the Jews, whether bookies or clothiers we know not. Striking a Jew on the occasion of the Black Fast must be as bad as having a duel during Holy Week, for Petticoat Lane turned out en masse to demolish the Yankee sailor. When Brown heard the pursuers close at his heels, headed by Mike Levy, of Billingsgate, he gave the pack the go-by by doubling under an empty cart.

Deputy Sheriff Jesse Heard, in whose custody Fitzsimmons was placed, said that he had received orders from Gov. Clarke to kill either Corbett or Fitzsimmons, or both of them, if they attacked each other during their stay in Little Rock. The report caused great indignation among the men who were gathered at the hotels, and many of them refused to believe that Heard had made such a statement, much less received any such orders. When asked about the matter he declared that he had been correctly quoted, and that he had received such orders from Gov. Clarke. "That's just what he told me to do," said the deputy, "and if these chaps go to scrapping independent like I guess I'll have to shoot a little." He laughed as he said it, but vigorously asserted that his orders from the governor were very explicit, and that there was no joke about it.

"Young Griffe" and "Jack" McAniff, with whose name all admirers of "the fancy" are familiar, furnished a free one round entertainment, to the intense delight of a small number of spectators, in a Tenderloin resort, one morning last week. Griffe and a few friends strolled into the place, as he himself expressed it, "to 'ave a hell, you know," and found McAniff, accompanied by "Brooklyn" Jimmie Carroll and a few other cronies in possession. They were all a little worse for a bout with John Barleycorn—in fact to use a pugilistic expression, "both men were groggy." McAniff made some remarks detrimental to the Australian's ability as a pugilist, and the latter retorted in an equally insulting manner. They did not waste as much time in argument as Corbett and Fitzsimmons, but immediately came together and for a few moments made things rather lively. Griffe swung his left on McAniff's ear, and Jack returned the compliment with a straight right in the stomach. They clinched, and at the breakaway Griffe succeeded in landing a right hand upper cut which caught McAniff right on the chin. A free fight ensued, but some one yelled "Here come the cops!" and the pugilists, accompanied by their friends, went out into the night and faded from view. Griffe, when seen later, was in his usual jocular humor, and did not hesitate to express his feelings. He said: "Yeh know, the bloomin' bloke is sore on me since we 'ad our fight in Cowney, but 'e a bloomin' dub, an' 'e couldn't lick me in a letterfime."

CORBETT SCORES FITZSIMMONS.

Believes that a Car Cable Could Not Drag Him to Hot Springs.

The salubrious climate of Arkansas was lacking in attractiveness to Champion Jim Corbett after it became a settled fact that Bob Fitzsimmons would not fight him, so with Billy Brady and his retinue of trainers, he returned to New York last week. The party which included Billy Delaney, John Donaldson, Steve O'Donnell, John McVey, "Bud" Woodthorpe, Jim Daly, "Kid" Egan, John Farrell and Jim McCabe, left Hot Springs last week.

They remained over at Memphis for eighteen hours, and then proceeded north over the Southern Railway, via Atlanta. All along the line the Californian was cheered.

At the Pennsylvania depot in Jersey City the Police Gazette representative met the man whom Fitzsimmons challenged.

"I shall retire from the ring," Corbett said, very quietly, "and if the people of the North are not by this time aware who was to blame for the recent fiasco it is rather late in the day for me to begin to explain. I can say one thing, and that is I was in Hot Springs ready to fight. My \$10,000 was up, and the New Zealander could have made that point if he had any desire to do so. He never had any intention of fighting me. That is an absolute certainty. His actions for a month back prove that. I offered to fight him without purse or stake, and granted him the privilege of choosing his own referee at Little Rock. Even this would not suit him.

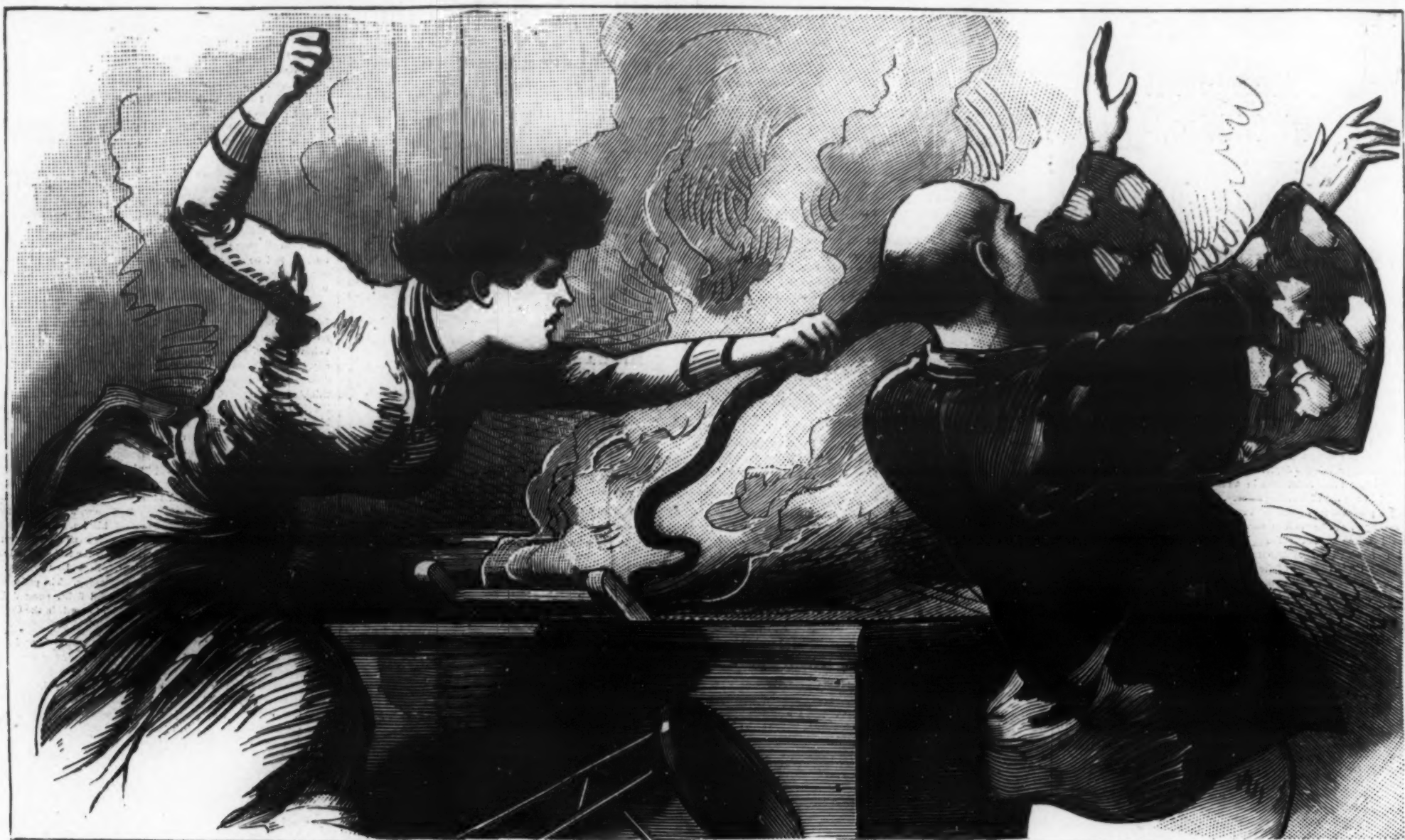
"It is quite probable that he would have taken a chance if he was offered \$30,000, win or lose. If an American athlete had acted in England or in Australia as this fellow has acted here he would have been ordered to quit the country at short notice. I fail to see any money in the fighting business just now, and that is my sole reason for getting out of it.

"It has cost Brady and myself fully \$15,000 in actual cash for this wild-goose chase, to say nothing of the money we might have made on the road. The amount I named is a clear out and out loss. In my opinion, a Broadway cable couldn't have dragged the foreigner to Hot Springs. I have nothing to say against his manager, Julian, for I believe that, although he was a sordid and dastardly man or something of that kind before he met Fitz, the latter directed all the movements. Julian had better return to the variety stage. As a manager he is surely a failure. But he did the best he knew how to get his boss out of this scrape gracefully. I'll say that for him."

Corbett said, in conclusion, that he had refused several offers to give exhibitions. He intends to study his part in his new play, "A Naval Cadet," which is to be brought out in a few weeks in New York.

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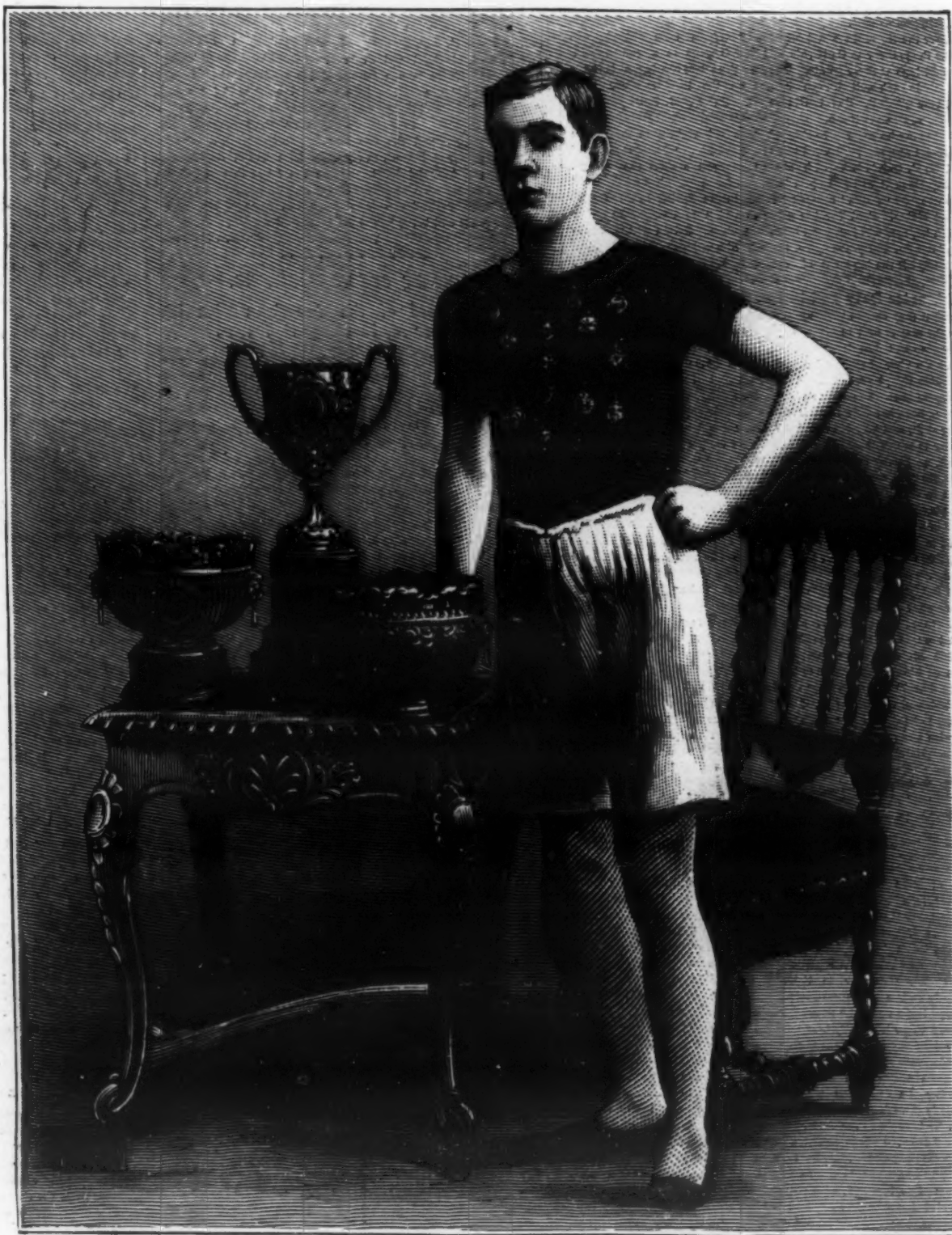
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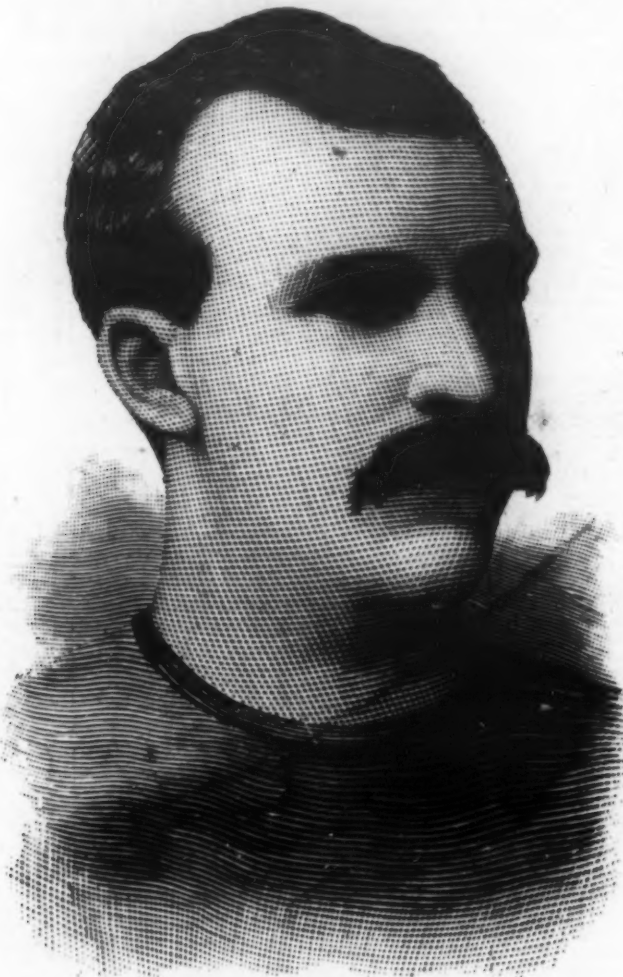
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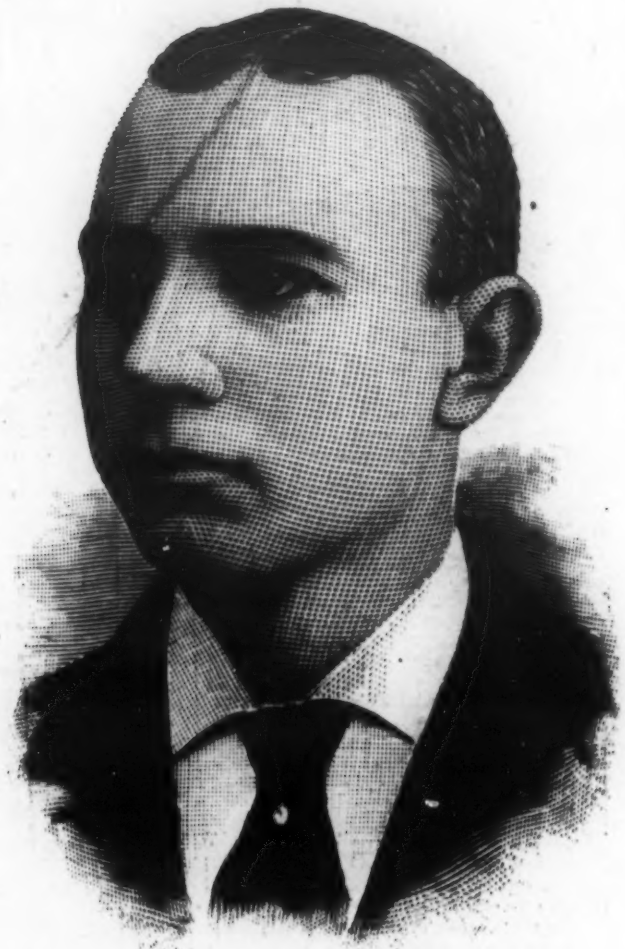
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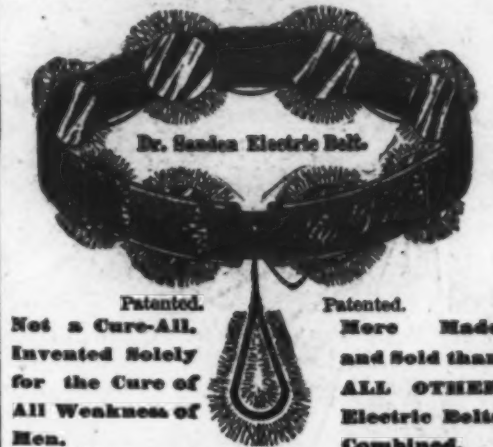
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